


# Sports Illustrated

JULY 11, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

## BJORN IS NO.1- BJUST BARELY

Moment of Victory at Wimbledon



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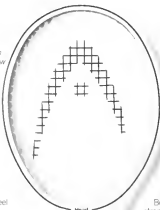
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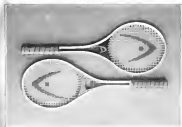
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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHEBAUM

## RUNAROUND

The International Olympic Committee has rejected a proposal to include a 3,000-meter run for women in the 1980 Games. The decision means that the 1,500 meters, introduced at the 1972 Olympics, remains the longest event for female runners, while men will continue to compete in not only the 1,500 but also the 5,000, 10,000 and the marathon. According to an IOC insider, one reason for the ruling was the fear that the 3,000 was "a little too strenuous" for women.

The argument blithely ignores the fact that women runners are competing in growing numbers—and without apparent ill effect—at distances up to and including marathons. The IOC action has been greeted with outrage by, among others, Dr. Joan Ullory, a San Francisco physiologist who is one of the top U.S. marathoners. "I'm appalled and disgusted," she says. "The IOC is made up of old guys 50 years and maybe 50 miles behind the times."

Ullory, who runs up to 80 miles a week, subscribes to the view that, if anything, women have "greater potential" for distance running than men. "A woman is lighter than a man, usually, and therefore her motor, the heart, is comparatively larger than his. She has more driving force. She has less muscle bulk to carry. Her body burns fat better. Notice how women do much better than men, relatively, in their first marathons."

In refusing to add a women's 3,000, the IOC was also keeping the Games from getting more unwieldy—or so another argument runs. Nevertheless, the 87-man (and zero-woman) IOC restored one event for the Moscow Games that was not on the Montreal program: the 50-kilometer walk for men.

## THE EXCEPTIONS DISPROVE THE RULE

For all his gifts as a hitter, the Los Angeles Dodgers' Steve Garvey apparently is not much on spotting what economists call leading indicators. There Garvey was the other day, bunting teammate Ron

Cey and Cincinnati's George Foster for the National League RBI lead and telling a reporter, "I'd love to lead the league in RBIs. If I do that, or if Ron Cey or any other Dodger does, then our chances of winning it all are that much better. The RBI leader generally plays for the pennant winner."

Garvey's Rule applied well enough last season when Foster won the RBI title with 121 and the Reds took the pennant. Otherwise, you can pretty much forget it. During the past two decades only 11 of the 40 RBI leaders in the two leagues played for pennant winners. The single-season record for RBIs is held by the Chicago Cubs' Hack Wilson, who drove in 190 runs in 1930. The Cubs finished second, two games behind the St. Louis Cardinals.

## AFTERSHOCKS

Two years have passed since three top golfers were struck by lightning during the Western Open. Up to the time they were hospitalized on June 27, 1975, Lee Trevino, Jerry Heard and Bobby Nichols had won a combined total of 34 major tournaments. Since then they have won a grand total of one—Trevino's victory last year in the Colonial. All three have been in severe slumps.

Is the lightning somehow responsible? Well, Trevino and Heard are both suffering from back ailments, which explains at least in part their over-par play. But Nichols is another matter. *The Washington Post's* Dave Kindred talked to him last week and found he has no physical complaints of any consequence. Nichols would not blame his poor performance on the lightning, but he admitted, "I do get jittery at times when I didn't before. I get very petrified if it starts getting dark on the course. I can't play at all if it's overcast or even if it's cloudy."

Nichols won a career-high \$124,747 in 1974 and had earned nearly \$50,000 in 1975 when the lightning struck. In the two troubled years since, he has won, all told, \$18,065.66.

## OFF-SEASON TWIRL

If you tend to think of baton twirlers as leggy coeds in spangled costumes, think again. The recently crowned Texas state men's champion and a contender in next month's nationals in Denver is Calvin Murphy, the Houston Rockets' pugna-cious guard. Entering his first competition in 11 years, Murphy, a one-time high school and college twirler, dazzled the judges in the state meet with numbers like the Windmill and the California Bounce. The 5' 9" Murphy, who has a history of punching out far bigger adversaries on the basketball court, says, "I think by now people have learned not to think of me as a sissy."

## TAKEN DOWN A PEG

The Fourth National Open Cribbage Tournament (cribbage is that two-handed game with the board and little pegs) will be held in Raleigh, N.C. on Aug. 6, 7 and 8. The event is a rare burrah in the U.S. for this venerable game, which, according to tradition, was founded by Sir John Suckling, the 17th century English poet who was as skilled at cards as he was at verse. When his reputation as a whist player made it hard for Sir John to get a game in that pastime, he invented cribbage. Alas, he soon became unbeatable in that, too, leaving so many opponents in the lurch (defeating them by more than 30 points) that he again had trouble getting a game.

In 1974 Nick Pond, the sports director of WRAL-TV in Raleigh and a cribbage addict, got an itch to play the game in a big way. So he launched the national tournament. He promoted it so well that players from 45 states are preparing to head for this year's renewal at Raleigh, where they will compete for a first prize of at least \$1,500.

But shades of Suckling, because he is the tournament's director, Pond, the man itching for some action, is ineligible to play and has yet to pick up his first crib.

## CHARGE!

It was only the second inning, yet many of the 13,119 fans in the Houston Astrodome suddenly rose and rushed for the exits. Fire? Terrorists' blimp? No, the San Francisco Giants' Willie McCovey, that evening's "designated strikeout victim," had just gone down swinging on a 1-and-2 pitch from Houston Astro right-hander Don Larson. And because McCovey struck out at a favorable moment,

—continued

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the whiff entitled everybody 18 and over to free beer for the rest of the evening.

Such mass exoduses have been occurring in the Dome since 1975, when the Astros began setting aside certain Friday night home games as Foamer Nights. At first they promised beer gratis anytime a Houston player homered during



an even minute—7-42, 9-04, etc.—on the stadium's digital clock. Last year they added the designated-strikeout gimmick: free suds would also flow if a rival player selected in advance by Astro management fanned during an even minute.

Given all the stunts used over the years to fill the stands, let's hear it for a promotion calculated to empty them. Fans on Foamer Night are limited to one beer per visit, but can return as often as they wish through the eighth inning—as long as they are willing to stand in line each time. Giants broadcaster Lon Simmons swears that when McCovey got back to the hotel after his team's 6-5 loss, he found a Houston fan waiting for him. The fellow wanted to thank him for a "w-unnerful, w-unnerful evening."

#### ONE FOR THE PURISTS

For six years efforts have been under way to reintroduce the Atlantic salmon to its once-flourishing spawning grounds in the Connecticut River. Since then, an occasional returning salmon has been caught pretty much by accident—by kids using worms or striped-bass anglers tossing plugs. Credit Robert Dwyer Jr. of Greene, R.I., with catching one with a fly rod—the way it is meant to be done. Dwyer accomplished the feat in East Haddam, Conn., on a tributary of the

Connecticut called, yes, the Salmon. He is, presumably, the first fisherman in this century—perhaps ever—to catch a salmon on the fly in those waters.

#### ENTHUSIASM COUNTS

The Cosmos, New York's (New Jersey's? the universe's?) entry in the North American Soccer League, were at it again last week, drawing gratifying throngs in Vancouver and Los Angeles. This followed huge turnouts at home (East Rutherford, N.J.) the previous two Sundays: a record U.S. soccer crowd of 62,394 one week and 57,191 the next. All this had NASL executives making Pelé-like leaps around their offices. "It shows that soccer is here," crowed Dick Berg, general manager of the Dallas Tornado. "In a few years everybody in the league will be drawing like that."

If you are of a sufficiently dyspeptic nature, you can toss a wet blanket over people like Berg. In Rochester and Chicago, NASL franchises have been drawing crowds in the 5,000-a-game range. Los Angeles is a hotbed of youth soccer, yet until the Cosmos lured a crowd of 32,165 to the L.A. Coliseum Saturday afternoon, the hometown Aztecs were admitting to an average attendance of 8,366—at that, some 3,000 higher than the official turnstile count. The Cosmos were clearly a very special attraction, featuring Pelé and the newly acquired Franz Beckenbauer. As for those two big Sundays, the club was playing in a new stadium and the weather was splendid.

You can go on and on like this. Yet the fact is that a lot of people have been turning out for Cosmos games, as they are for NASL games in Tampa, San Jose and Bloomington, Minn. The league says that overall attendance is running 30% higher than last year, and notwithstanding the discrepancy in turnstile figures in Los Angeles, there is no evidence of anybody seriously papering the house. Best of all, crowds have been enthusiastic, even boisterous, about the action on the field. They seem to care. And that is a good sign.

#### BACK IN ACTION

Twelve-year-old Glenn Dunaway never got to finish the Richmond (Va.) Golf Association's junior tournament last year. He played only the opening round of the three-day event, shooting 85. Next day Glenn passed beside the railroad tracks paralleling the Laurel Golf Course to

watch a friend putt. He was hit by an Amtrak train traveling 60 mph.

Glenn's right leg was almost torn off at the knee. He suffered severe internal injuries and it took a five-hour operation to save his life. Released from the hospital four months later, he was just starting to get around on crutches when another tragedy befell him. This time he was sitting on a sled in a neighbor's yard when an auto skidded on ice and hit him. He suffered a broken arm and fractures in both legs, and doctors feared he would never walk again. Glenn spent nearly three months in traction, but continued to fight back. His right leg is an inch shorter than the left and he faces more surgery, but he no longer needs a cane.

The other morning Glenn, now 13, teed off in the 1977 junior tournament, this time at the Country Club of Virginia. Chauffeured in a cart by his dad (a prohibition against carts was waived for him), he went all three rounds, shooting 90, 99 and 94. "I didn't play too good," he said.

We beg to differ, Glenn.

#### EAGLEMANIA

By way of promoting the three home games (two exhibition and one regular-season) they will play in Giants Stadium in New Jersey before moving into Shea Stadium, the New York Jets have been running TV commercials for what they call their "mini-season." The commercials list the opponents with admirable brevity: Eagles, Steelers, Colts.

Unfortunately, there has been some confusion about who the Eagles might be. One of the country's most popular rock groups bears that name, something a few people in the Jet ticket office learned only when excited rock fans started lighting up the switchboard. But then, the misunderstanding has proved educational all around. It seems that dozens of callers did not know that Eagles was also the name of a certain football team from Philadelphia.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Bill Russell, former Seattle SuperSonics coach, explaining why he had trouble applying the golden rule to his players: "I tried to treat them like me—and some of them weren't."

• Alan Barnhisser, Chicago White Sox shortstop, marveling over the torrid hitting of Rod Carew: "He's the only guy I know who can go 4 for 3." **END**

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*Thumb splint and all, Connors fought back to dead even in the roiling 6th set, but Borg hammered out a win in the last two games*

## WIMBLEDON WAS NEVER BETTER

*To celebrate its 100th birthday and the Queen's Jubilee, Virginia Wade finally won for England, and Borg edged Connors in a match that will be legend—until they meet again*

by Curry Kirkpatrick

If Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors continue to stride atop the game of tennis as they did during the 100th year of Wimbledon and as they expect to do for maybe 100 years more, somebody should get them to sit down and admit a few things about one another.

If true to themselves, Borg, 21, would say: "Ya, I used to give up like little baby. I quit against Jimmy because I am so scared. Now I am grown up, sinking about sings so well, and pounding wolleys all over place. Sometime my big serve go past Jimmy's face like toonder."

And Connors, 24, would say: "Who else is there but me and the Swede son-uva-bitch? Sure, he's bigger and knocks the fuzz out of the ball. But give me a good thumb to return serve with, and I'll kill him. It's only me and him for all the marbles. Wait till next time."

We shall all be waiting. If it wasn't readily apparent before Borg's 3-6, 6-2, 6-1, 5-7, 6-4 final-round victory over Connors on the verdant lawn of the All England Club, it is now. When Borg outlasted Connors in one of Wimbledon's more amazing fifth and final sets, it became clear that the winner is now mature enough and the loser proud enough for them to take this rivalry on to heights reached only by names in history books: Tilden-Johnston, Perry-von Cramm, Laver-Rosewall.

The brutally fought matches of Borg and Connors could have been foretold as far back as 1973 and 1974 when they split titles at Stockholm and at the U.S. Clay Courts in Indianapolis. When Connors defeated Borg in the thrilling final of the U.S. Open last summer and Borg turned the tables in the Grand Slam at Boca Raton, Fla. in January, the gauntlets were dropped for Saturday's confrontation. The two best in the world—No. 1 and No. 1A—in the finals of the championship of the world on God's own grass in tennis' temple. Neither blinked.

While Borg unsheathed his vicious new serve and prepared for the defense

continued



of his Wimbledon title by whipping up on defenseless seeds like Wojtek Fibak and Ilie Nastase, and by surviving a glorious semifinal with Vitas Gerulaitis. Connors appeared to be struggling against a bunch of mystery guests (excepting a rejuvenated Stan Smith, who took him to five sticky sets) as well as with the pain of his much-discussed bruised thumb.

It was the right thumb, the one that steers his double-flared backhand, and Connors kept pulling a splint on and off, insisting it was O.K., he could still grip his wallet, and then scattering service returns into the hedges. It was with some shock, then, that the Centre Court crowd watched on Saturday as Connors blazed 21 clean winners past Borg in a 6-3 surgery job of a first set. Bjorn had been whaling his ground strokes with a fury all tournament long, but now he was tentative on the attack, and he hung his head, downcast.

But Borg no longer bends like a willow in the face of a storm. Taller and stronger than he was as a teen angel, he also has learned how to tank his way out of a crisis. In the third game of the second set he withstood four break points simply by exploding that remodeled huge first serve. The champion also began varying the pace, mostly with slices and chips to the middle of the court, where Connors was forced to rely on his forehand approach, a glaring weakness in his otherwise solid arsenal. "Jimmy always love my game," Borg said later. "He kill top spin. He kill high balls. So I keep low."

Low they came, and low they went back—too often into the net. From 2 all, Borg won eight straight games and 10 of 11 while taking the next two sets, 6-2, 6-1. In that period Connors was broken five straight times.

In the fourth set Connors righted his serve but his ground game was failing to tally apart as Borg mixed deep, top-spin floaters to the corners with hard, angled drives, plus those inviting little midcourt numbers. If the right thumb still hurt, it was no excuse; it was the one-handed left-handed forehand that betrayed him throughout. Connors survived only by finally remembering to go to his serve-and-volley power; attacking, he broke at love for the set, 7-5.

So it was that the two came to sundown. As the women and children dispersed to safer ground, a bizarre scenario unfolded in an already strange contest

of shifting tides. First Borg appeared to have won the match so easily (by sweeping the first four games of the set) that his mother, Margarita, seated in the competitors' box, started weeping tears of joy.

Then it was Connors' turn to win the championship of the world.

Jimbo had been ticking off net-cord winners all afternoon long and a backhand off the tape saved the fifth game. Next Connors broke Borg with a volley. He held serve, and broke Borg again, positively screaming a swinging forehand volley past Bjorn's ear.

The score was now 4 all. Connors was raging, slapping his thigh and rolling his head like a toy doggy in a car window. But as suddenly as Connors got back in the match, he took himself out of it. "If I hang in and play a tight game, maybe it's a chill factor on Bjorn's nerves," he said of the sequence. "But I got excited and rushed. I played the ninth game like a dummy." As Borg would say, "For sure."

At 15-0 Connors double-faulted. "Boddy double-faulted," he said. "I don't know where that came from." At 15-30 he sailed a backhand 10 feet over the baseline. "A ridiculous shot" was his critique. Then Connors lost the game on a sloppy forehand that landed in approximately the same spot as the backhand.

Momentum having veered sharply to his side of the net once again, Borg pumped himself up and served out the game, set and match at love. At 30-0, he came down the middle with a howitzer serve. The gamble to hit to Connors' forehand worked so well that Borg actually slammed his thigh in elation. This extraordinary display of emotion shocked the crowd as much as the serve had. Then, himself again, Borg coolly rifled a backhand past Connors for the match.

It was done. "My tiredest match ever I play," Borg said. He raised his arms to the heavens, and on the sideline he smashed his racket to the ground in yet another record burst of passion. "For sure, my happiest win," he said.

The Wimbledon centenary did not start too happily, at least in the area of protocol, when Connors saw fit to skip the opening ceremonies, honoring past champions on Centre Court. For this, Jimbo was censured by the All England Club and lustily booed and hissed for a couple of days running. But to be damned one minute is to be blessed the next. When England's John Lloyd bounced the



McIlwain's behavior was as force as his tennis

sonic boom-serve, Roscoe Tanner, out of the tournament on opening day, it meant that the man who beat Connors at Wimbledon last year and who figured he could beat him again was flushed before Jimbo even started.

Tanner, the fourth seed, was only the first of a raft of unlikely early disappearances. Brian Gottfried, seeded fifth and sporting the season's best record, was beaten in the second round; Guillermo Vilas, seeded third and fresh from the French Open championship, was ushered off in the third. The boons Nastase should also have gone early, but cowed officials let him get away with some obnoxious delaying tactics when he was losing to Andrew Pattison of Rhodesia, in the second round. Distracted and upset, poor Pattison folded.

This saved Nastase for a quarterfinal pairing with Borg, a repeat of last year's final. In the next sad episode, the delightful Romanian threw a ball at the umpire, shoved another ball between the man's knees, questioned everybody's ancestry and sexual proclivities and even tried to decapitate his opponent with a lip shot when the entire court was open.

Borg stared across at Nastase and said angrily, "What you do?"

What Borg did was embarrass, humiliate and bury Nastase 6-0, 8-6, 6-3.

Through all the upsets and upheaval came the rocking, rollicking, finger-pop-



ping Gerulaitis, knocking off such people as Tom Gorman, Dick Stockton and Billy Martin. And in the other half of the draw came a pouting, snarling, racket-heaving racial named John Patrick McEnroe. A red-haired left-hander from Queens, with the complete Jimboian repertoire, McEnroe, 18, kept scrapping and scrambling through a tournament he very nearly didn't get into, and by the time he encountered his older alter ego, James Scott Connors, in the semifinals, he had defeated eight opponents—three in the qualifying rounds and five in the tournament proper.

The youngest semifinalist in Wimbledon's first 100 years, McEnroe (pronounced MACK-en-roe) charmed the Europeans with some Andrew Young-inspired diplomacy. Of Paris he said, "It would be a nice place if you took all the people out of the city." Of London, "I'd go sight-seeing, but I don't think there's much to see in this place." On the court, McEnroe kept screaming things like "Jesus, how much longer before I get a call here?" He was soon enough warned and threatened with penalties.

But his game spoke of maturity, especially his backhand and volleys, which were nothing short of extraordinary for one so young. (Connors and Borg, to draw a couple of names from the hat, never exhibited such net play at that age.) This is not even to mention McEnroe's courage, confidence and raw guts. Against Connors, he retained his fiery aggression even in the face of Connors' routine control of the first two sets, and then, using all his street smarts, he started junk-balling Connors and beat him a set before Jimbo closed it out in four. "This kid is difficult to play," Connors said. "He tees off on everything and makes shots from impossible places."

But if McEnroe stirred the masses, the other semifinal moved poets. In a match that will be remembered long after Gerulaitis and Borg have exhausted the world supply of exotic cars and pin-striped tennis shirts, Borg finally prevailed by 6-4, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 8-6.

Borg won the first set with an ace. Gerulaitis took the second with an ace. But that said nothing. In the fourth game of the third set the two longhairs drifted about the grass as if on wings. Side to side, back to front; here delivering rocket drives, there issuing drop volleys; here racing down delicate lobs, there serving and volleying away heavy artillery. Four-

teen of the game's 22 points were clean winners, before Gerulaitis, saving six break points, held serve.

The fascinating thing was that the entire match proceeded in this manner. BBC Commentator Dan Maskell called it "the finest match for sustained brilliance over five sets I've ever seen at Wimbledon." Maskell has seen more than 50 Wimbledons.

After Borg and Gerulaitis had exchanged breaks in the fifth set, after Gerulaitis had served to save the match twice at 4-5 and 5-6; after Vitas had finally succumbed in the 14th game; after all that, it was finally over to applause that may still be resounding through the ivy-covered halls.

Though Saturday's final could not be expected to duplicate that caliber of tennis, Lennart Bergelin, Borg's coach, pointed out something perhaps shared in the two separate contests. When asked, now that his protégé was rid of Gerulaitis, did Borg really, truly want Connors or, rather, wasn't he still a bit afraid of him, Bergelin answered, "I believe that is over. Bjorn is thinking about Connors the way Gerulaitis was thinking about Bjorn. That is, he loses his reverence for other player. Not scared no more."

So that made two of them, Borg and Connors, not scared of nobody no more. This deal could take a long time to work itself out.

*continued*

*Gerulaitis' magnificent semifinal against Borg may have been the finest ever played at Wimbledon*





*Ever beat young Tracy Austin and venerable Billie Jean, but lost heart in her match with Wade*

WIMBLEDON continued

## GINNY FIZZ BECOMES GINNY TONIC

A popular British comedy that ran until very recently in Piccadilly featured a line of small talk which went, "I see where Virginia is doing well at Wimbledon this year." When London theatergoers heard it, they knew instantly who Virginia was and they never failed to groan at the wishful little lie. Virginia never did well at Wimbledon. Virginia never even got to the finals until last Friday, when an entire nation, including Elizabeth II, Queen of England, who was on hand in her favorite Saturday go-to-meetin' pink, stopped groaning. Bands played, Union Jacks waved and the ecstatic audience broke into *For She's a Jolly Good Fellow*. **GINNY FIZZ** (as the tabloids cruelly used to shout it) was suddenly **GINNY TONIC**. On her 16th try Virginia Wade, 31, the vicar's daughter, had finally won a Wimbledon.

She prevailed against another surprise finalist, seventh-seeded Betty Stove of The Netherlands. The score was 4-6, 6-3, 6-1 as they fumbled through just the sort of war of nerves and cement elbows that the heretofore collapsible Wade had always been proficient at losing on Centre Court. But if it was dreadful tennis, it was terrific theater. Or, as Virginia said, "The whole thing is one big fairy tale."

Wade had won the championships of Australia, Italy and the United States before she was 26, but the closest she had come to a cherished Wimbledon victory were two semifinal appearances in the last three years. More often she had succumbed to the awful pressures that the British public and press force upon their few world-class athletes.

Wade, for instance, is probably better remembered in Great Britain for losing to the likes of Christina Sandberg, Pat Walkden and Cece Martinez at Wimbledon than for winning the Forest Hills final over Billie Jean King nine long years ago. Indeed, her reputation for choking in the big ones dogged Wade's footsteps even up to last week, which is why she kept insisting that her new game, with emphasis on more accurate serving and forehand consistency, went right along with her new fluffy haircut to create a brand new Ginny.

"To become the mistress of the situation here," Wade said last week, "you must balance the determination with the tension. If I am determined enough, I can forget about the tension. I want to show that people's opinions about me are out of date. I've got the willpower and the guts to win this tournament. If I can just stop dreaming and get on with it, I will win."

She won in the semis when she came up against a moderately familiar conqueror by the name of Evert. It was right then and there—not when she beat Rosie Casals in the quarters or Stove in the final, not when she beat the well-known Jozsef Durne and the equally famous Yvonne Vermaak, among other huge talents in the power-laden, say-hey-for-equal-pay women's draw—that Virginia Wade won her Wimbledon.

Having disposed of the Mighty Muppet, Tracy Austin, earlier in the tourna-

ment, Chris Evert had set her sights on meeting the comeback queen, King, whom she had never beaten on grass. "I came back to Wimbledon because I listened to my heart," said Billie Jean. She should have listened to her knees.

In truth, the Evert-King confrontation was decided on the very first point, when King served and rushed the net. Killing her softly, Evert lifted a graceful lob to the far corner, which King could merely gaze after. Point, game, set and match.

For the record, the score was 6-1, 6-2—an awesome Evertian display of marksmanship from the baseline, plus a few net-rushing volleys. "Billie Jean didn't intimidate me," Chris said. "It's hard for me to get a good challenge these days, and this was it. I think that's the best I ever played on grass." In fact, Billie Jean scored fewer points against Chris than did Tracy Austin.

Along with her exquisite tennis, Evert was making more ripples in the gossip columns by being seen with Jimmy Connors once again. The couple dined together a few times, and with Ilie and Nicki Nastase they went to see Neil Diamond at the Palladium. They also showed up at each other's matches with increasing regularity. "Chris has always kept in touch with Jimmy," a friend explained. "Only now it's getting to be more than just 'in touch.'"

Then came the biggest surprise of a continually surprising Wimbledon: Chris Evert was beaten. No, not just beaten. Picked apart, thrashed and left stranded out there on the green sod.

When was the last time Evert went through a first set making more errors than winners, or failing to win her service, or double-faulting twice in one game, the last on set point? She did that against Wade, who covered the net while gobbling up Evert's short lobs and over-heading them clear for a 6-2 win. Though still badly off form, Chris rallied to take the second set 6-4. But in the third, she continued to suffer from her mysterious malaise, shoveling her service returns rather than smashing them, committing utterly stupid errors in judgment and, worst of all, not seeming to care.

After Wade finished her off 6-1 on a point that Evert didn't even want to be called out, she sat crying in an antique bathtub in the locker room. Her mother walked in. "I'm sorry Mom," Chris said. "I just can't talk to anybody."

With all due respect to Wade, who

played the match of her life on the most important occasion of her life—Jubilee Ginny and all that—there was something drastically wrong with Chris Evert, which had nothing to do with her tennis. Most speculation centered directly upon Connors.

The gentlemen's No. 1 seed had told Chris he would be at the Wade match, but when Evert looked up to the players' box for moral support early on, Connors wasn't there. Nor did he arrive later. Once before, in 1975, Connors had affected the outcome of an Evert match when he showed up in the stands with Actress Susan George just as Chris was taking a 3-0 lead over King in the third set of the semifinal. Evert blew the match. Sure enough, a headline last week on the day after the Evert-Wade debacle read, SUSAN GEORGE FLIES IN TO SEE JIMMY.

Wade, naturally, could not be bothered with such secondary considerations. There was a tournament to be won on what she called "my court, my home ground."

On the morning of the final Wade put a pillow over her telephone and Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony on her record player. When she arrived at Wimbledon, Wade sat alone in the vast, empty Centre Court stadium to soak up the atmosphere.

As she fell behind in the desultory first set, Wade realized she "wasn't running enough, wasn't hitting enough balls, wasn't even sweating." So she began to bang the drum quickly and apply more pressure to Stove's erratic ground strokes. Slowly but surely, Wade, her ebony mane blowing in the wind, took command. At the end Stove, who moved through the match as if weighted down by the wooden shoes of her native Holland, put her hands over her ears as the crowd erupted in song.

Certainly, nothing could spoil Ginny Wade's fairy tale. "I felt I was the best player ever not to have won Wimbledon," she said. "I deserved it. To be able to say I did it—that's where my dreams were." And finally, there was her meeting with the Queen: "It was so wonderful and noisy that what she said got drowned. But it was great to see the Queen's lips moving and know she was talking to me." ECHO



With a brand-new serve and backhand, Ginny was ready at last to be "mistress of the situation."

# A FOREIGN AFFAIR ENDS A DOMESTIC DISPUTE

Until the Henley Regatta, Washington, Cornell and Harvard all could claim to be the U.S. rowing champion. The Huskies settled that by winning boldly on the Thames

by Dan Levin

His name is John Stillings and he coxes the Washington crew, but after the Huskies' first race at England's Henley Royal Regatta last Saturday, his teammates began to call him Kamikaze John. There they were, a third of the way through the biggest race of their lives up to that point, when two absentminded teen-agers rowed a little green dinghy into their path. But Stillings did not blink. He simply swallowed hard and kept his crew moving. The dinghy slipped off the course, the concentration of his oarsmen did not waver and they went on to beat the Garda Siochana Boat Club, Ireland's national squad, and gain Sunday's finals against the British national crew. And there they would not only win the biggest prize at Henley but the U.S. college rowing championship as well.

Henley hardly seems the place for that, and Irish and British crews seem strange outfits to have to beat for it. But Cornell and Harvard were at Henley, too, and all three had capped strong intercollegiate seasons by winning major regattas: Cornell the IRA, Harvard the Eastern Sprints and Washington the Pac-8 championships.

The problem with settling which of the three was best was the draw. Cornell and Washington got byes, but Harvard had to row against the Garda on Friday, losing a thrilling race by a quarter length. This frustrated Washington Coach Dick Erickson, who was positive the Crimson had been avoiding him. He thought a race had been arranged last month in the East, but it never came off.

In Saturday's first race, Cornell drew the British national squad. Though the Big Red closed fast, they also lost by a quarter length, to the overwhelming pre-regatta favorites. That left Washington to redeem the honor of U.S. rowing. Erickson, an unflagging booster of the sport, was thrilled at the opportunity. In Henley's first three days he made 13 calls to Seattle radio and TV stations and news-

papers, waking once at 3 a.m. to get on the phone, and after the Huskies had beaten Garda Siochana on Saturday, he outdid himself. He ad-libbed four little stories for Seattle station KIRO, calling the Washington victory "unbelievable but true, and a marvelous, marvelous opportunity for Washington rowing."

That evening he thanked his crew and showed once more why they blithely refer to his regime as "dictatorship" by announcing a light workout for 6 a.m. Sunday, when the river would be free of traffic. "We won the cake," he said, "and tomorrow we go for the frosting."

The cake was U.S. supremacy. The frosting, for which the Huskies would have to contend with the British, was the Grand Challenge Cup, the big prize at Henley.

The confrontation came late on Sunday afternoon. At 5:20 Washington partisans cheered as Erickson's crew began the long row to the starting line, out of sight down the river. As the six o'clock starting time approached and then passed, the crowd at waterside strained for the first sounds from the loudspeaker. Minutes—seconds—seemed interminable, but suddenly came the race announcer. Washington was leading the British by three feet. It had taken them only 15 strokes to recover from a typically shaky start. At a quarter mile, the lead was a deck length, and at a mile, as the boats came in sight of the grandstands, it was "Washington by one-third length." "Unreal," came a single clear voice as Washington passed by with 300 yards to go, leading now by a length. People with Washington buttons began edging out of the crowd and running toward the landing dock as the Huskies went over the line a length ahead of the British to become the first U.S. winner of the Grand Challenge Cup since 1959. Erickson's wife was weeping on his shoulder, and Erickson himself somehow managed to look ecstatic and bewildered at the same



PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

time. Said Seven Oar Jesse Franklin to a friend, "This is what we've been waiting for all year."

But in a sense the victory was anticlimactic, at least from an American point of view. Washington had not beaten Harvard, but the Huskies knew they had done so indirectly, which was almost as sweet. Harvard had offered no excuses. When a reporter gave them an out, asking, "When were you at your peak this year—in May, at the Eastern Sprints?" Bow Out John White replied, "No, yesterday."

Findley Meislahn, the Cornell coach, said after his crew's loss to the British, "That was as fast as we can go." Meislahn is a mild, gentle man, just right for the mood at Henley. After the Cornell race the British coach, Chris Blackwall, was saying, "The thing that surprised me about the American colleges was that they seemed a little weak at the end of the stroke." Then he saw Meislahn and added, "Except for Cornell, of course."

But win or lose, the American college crews were popular visitors. Cornell and Washington helped make the



*Washington beat the boats that had beaten Harvard and Cornell by avoiding a stray dinghy in the semifinal and overcoming a shabby start in the week's finale*

Saturday crowd the largest for that day in Henley regatta history. Friday had been cool and overcast, and only the weather kept the crowd down, because at 12:30, sailing up the river came Her Royal Highness the Princess Anne, Mrs. Mark Phillips, G.C.V.O. But she did not stay in one place long enough to hear her full title. She arrived in a shallop, built for the film *A Man for All Seasons*. It was filigreed in blue and white, and rowed by 10 oarsmen in bright red 17th-century watermen's uniforms with solid silver buttons. The British ladies beamed and exclaimed, "How lovely!" And, "How dignified!" Princess Anne carried a bouquet, wore a white cape and spent an hour being shown the intricacies of racing shells. She seemed particularly interested in rudders.

When they were not gawking at the Princess, the spectators were appreciating the scenery, animate and otherwise. Young girls, with complexions of milk and roses, strolled along the banks. Their men were in white, blue and straw—pants, blazers and boaters. And everywhere along the shore there were boats. But what boats! Ancient skills, all rich

dark browns, gleaming and thick with a century and more of varnish, and reclining within, women with parasols and lace-trimmed summer dresses. Flat little punts, with men on their sterns in blazers and club ties, poled lazily up and down the river. On the other side, less than 100 yards away, an ancient brick wall, built by Oliver Cromwell in 1643, stood thick with roses. And behind it stretched the sculptured gardens and croquet lawns of the Phyllis Court Club, which, it is said, kept the bombs off Henley during the war: one of Hitler's henchmen had seen it years earlier (so the story went) and wanted it intact for the boss, but their plans fell through. So that is Henley.

Everyone seemed to have a favorite race or two to watch and then turned away from the water. But the oarsmen were all seriousness ashore and on the river. The only evidence of American college stiffness seemed to come from the University of California's four-with-cos entry. Under "occupation," the female coxswain was listed as a "body demolition specialist."

As usual at Henley there was much

talk about the course, of how it runs upstream against a considerable current. As if that were not enough, it is just 80 feet wide, so only two boats can race at a time. And the edges are marked by log booms, against which each day a few oar blades were cracked or smashed. People are always saying that one lane is better than another, and others are always denying it. It is more a subject of amusement than concern. One amiable member of the stewards, the regatta's ruling body, said, "Old-timers will tell you which lane is the best, but I've always said, 'If you don't like the course, don't row here.'" Then he winked.

The only one who seemed seriously concerned about the current was Dick Erickson. Early in the week he paced the path beside the course, flipping twigs out near and far and studying their meanderings. But he discovered nothing of importance. On Sunday, long after the twigs had been carried out to sea, Erickson stood on the dock at Henley as the crowd thinned. Coach Blackwall came over and shook his hand. "You're a pro," Blackwall told him. "And I'm an apprentice." It was frosting enough for any cake. **END**

# THE BURGLARY WAS FOR THE BIRDS

Striking on a quiet night in Key West, a team of expert thieves lifted a set of Audubon folios worth more than \$350,000. The fear was that the rare volumes of "Birds of America" would, like so many other sets, never be found by Robert Cantwell

The old house seems an unpromising target for a major heist. More or less typical of the balconed and ornate structures known as Conch-style, it sits on a quiet and shady street in the restored Old Town section of Key West, Fla., a shrine to John James Audubon, who lived there in 1832 while working on some of the paintings in his renowned *Birds of America* series. The downstairs rooms are largely devoted to period furniture and decor; the really hot stuff is in a gallery upstairs. There, inside glass showcases, are four volumes bound in brown pigskin, each measuring 37½" x 24½", each weighing about 50 pounds, each opened to an engraving of an Audubon painting. That is, they were there until May 27, the Friday night of the Great Audubon Caper, a burglary that has ruffled the feathers of the art and ornithological worlds.

Those who might tend to dismiss a bird

painting as just a painting of a bird have since come to appreciate what the thieves made off with. Audubon's original watercolors were engraved on copper plates; 200 sets of prints were pulled, each of the 435 plates depicting 497 species were then colored by hand and the plates bound into four-volume sets. Because the size of the folios was unusually large, engravings of the day called them Double Elephant Folios. That was in 1838. A complete Double Elephant Audubon Folio is now one of the rarest of collector's items, rarer, for example, than the surviving 238 or so first-folio Shakespeares. To put that into money terms, one Audubon set was sold last spring for \$352,000.

The burglars obviously planned carefully, moving in sometime after the usually crowded streets of Old Town were deserted. The house had been routinely locked up for the night, and an automatic burglar alarm set. The thieves—police believe there were three—somehow disengaged the alarm, opened the lock on the front door and went to the upstairs gallery, where they expertly pried open the locked cases and lifted out the four volumes. When they departed, they left the front door unlocked. A gardener who doubles as the night watchman discovered this while making his rounds, and after a quick check, he believed that nothing was missing. The theft was discovered the next morning.

There have not been many reported thefts of Audubon Double Elephant Folios. The complete sets are so well known that art dealers and collectors would call the police if anybody showed up with one. But the individual prints, if reasonably explained ("I discovered them in my grandma's attic"), can be sold at prices ranging from \$750 to \$5,000 apiece. There are so many of these prints in circulation that dealers will buy them without question. The set stolen in Key West is considered, based on watermarks and other characteristics, to be one of the first printed. It appeared on the record of an

art sale made on March 1, 1935 at a New York auction, getting a then-record price of \$5,750. Purchased by a Virginia collector, the set was placed on display at the headquarters of the Audubon Society in New York.

In 1960 Mitchell Wolfson, a former mayor of Miami Beach, restored the Audubon House in Key West, where he had grown up. He bought the folio for an undisclosed price, and it became the most celebrated exhibit because it was the only complete folio on permanent public display anywhere in the world.

Experts figure that since the printing of the Double Elephant Folios was completed in 1838, some 66 sets have been broken up, destroyed in fires or in wars, or have disappeared without a trace. That so much is known about the remainder is largely the work of Waldemar H. Fries, who undoubtedly is better acquainted with the Audubon folios than anyone since Audubon himself. A Philadelphia banker, Fries retired in 1955 and spent 15 years tracking down the whereabouts and history of each set. He personally examined all but six of the 134 complete folios known to exist, a project that took him to Melbourne, Copenhagen, Leningrad, Lisbon and Florence, as well as to museums and collections throughout the U.S. and Great Britain. His quest also involved the cooperation of 272 librarians. Four years ago, Fries incorporated his findings in a monumental work, *The Double Elephant Folio: The Story of Audubon's Birds of America*. In one sense, his book is melancholy reading, an unsparing record of losses as a result of disasters, carelessness or ignorance of Audubon's magnificent achievement.

The most thoroughly documented theft of a Double Elephant Folio took place on the night of June 13, 1971. A burglar broke a back window of Schaffer Library at Union College in Schenectady, N.Y., where one Audubon volume was on display. He cut his hand badly while breaking the glass cover of the case, but made off with the book.

continued



Safe in New York: a folio like the one stolen



*Audubon's prints like this one of reddish egret would bring from \$150 to \$5,000 if sold separately*



*The painter naturalist tracked down a roseate spoonbill in the Everglades for this striking portrait*

Later that summer, John H. Jenkins, a rare book dealer in Austin, Texas, was visited by a man who identified himself as Carl Hoffman, offering rare books for sale. He showed Jenkins an illuminated manuscript and a very old Koran, which the dealer felt were worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000. Hoffman also told Jenkins that some old bird paintings had turned up in an attic. As Jenkins related in an article for the *Union College* magazine, "My growing suspicion [was] that Mr. Hoffman was not all he appeared to be."

One moment his gentlemanly facade would be intact, the next moment his real ignorance would pop up." The same day Hoffman saw an ad in a trade journal reporting that rare books and manuscripts, including a Koran, had been stolen from another dealer, and that a \$2,000 reward was being offered by Union College for the return of its Audubon.

"I finally reached the FBI," Jenkins wrote. "They told me that it was all very interesting—though they made it fairly clear that it wasn't, really—but they said that they doubted I'd ever hear from the man again. If by some chance I did, and

he had some books with him, I should call them so he could be arrested. But only, they cautioned, if he could be taken with the goods."

Jenkins heard from Hoffman a few weeks later, in a call from New York. When Hoffman offered to bring the Audubons to Texas, Jenkins invented a buying trip during which, he said, he planned to spend \$50,000. The trip would take him to New York and he would look at the Audubons there. They arranged to meet at JFK airport. Jenkins then called the FBI. "We don't know what you look like," said an agent, "and we don't have time to protect you."

Smoking an orange-colored pipe (this identification), Jenkins met Hoffman at the airport. They went to his car and, after some wild driving to avoid possible pursuit, they went to a motel where Hoffman had a room. As Jenkins has written, "Spread out on the bed were about 30 Audubon plates. . . . The thief had half-cut, half-torn the plates from the bindings; one of the blue-jay plates had been torn in two and half a dozen others were literally smeared with

bloody hand prints and drops of blood."

Jenkins pretended to be impressed and agreed to get the \$50,000 at his hotel. A 40-minute drive there took two hours because of Hoffman's dodges to shake any pursuit. After Hoffman dropped him off at the Americana in Manhattan, Jenkins called the FBI and an arrangement was made: he would set up a meeting with Hoffman back at the motel at 6.30 p.m., and if the primes were still there, he was to back out into the hallway and the agents would take over.

Jenkins was on time, "but when Hoffman opened the door, I saw that there were no books or plates in evidence. Before I could do or say anything, FBI agents with drawn pistols—11 agents all told—came out of the woodwork, in from the hall, through the window; one even seemed to come out of the bathroom. They shoved us against the wall and handcuffed us both.

"Hey, wait a minute!" I said. "Shut up, kid!" the agent snapped.

"They put us in separate cars and drove off. The agent in my car said into his radio, 'We've got both packages—package No. 1 in the front car and we have package No. 2.'"

"What's this package hit? Am I package No. 2?" I asked.

"The agent took off my handcuffs and said, 'Well, we didn't want to tell you this, but you've been dealing with the Mafia . . . we felt it was better for you to be arrested with Hoffman, because some of his "associates" might be watching.'"

The missing plates were found in the trunk of Hoffman's car. Jenkins was told that the thieves might have intended to take his \$50,000 and also keep the Audubons. Jenkins then returned the \$2,000 reward to Union College and was given its founders' medal.

"The thing that made it all worthwhile was the recovery of the entire 100 plates," he wrote. "Loose Audubon plates, singly or in small groups, are not unusual items in the art market. If Hoffman had offered me one or two or six or 10, selected at random, I probably would have thought nothing of it. It wouldn't have occurred to me that they were stolen."

For two weeks there was no word or sign of the Audubons taken from the old house in Key West. Investigators feared that this set was likely to join the others that vanished without a trace. (There is still no sign, for example, of one set which

*continued*



*Audubon's rendering of a cotton egret makes it look conspicuously regal.*



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**Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.**

disappeared from Centenary College long ago, two from plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi, one that belonged to a doctor in Mexico City or one that vanished after having been taken to Japan by Commodore Perry in 1853.)

Then came startling news. On June 11 the FBI announced that three of the four volumes had been recovered. The report was typically scanty: the sets were found in good condition in the trunk of a car parked in Marion, N.C. (pop. 3,335), some 800 miles north of Key West. Actually, the FBI bulletin marked the second development of that eventful day. Earlier, a highway patrolman stopped a speeding car on the New Jersey Turnpike near Elizabeth. Routinely searching the car, the officer saw the fourth Double Elephant volume in the trunk, but apparently thought nothing of it at the time, and sent the driver on his way. The patrolman mentioned seeing a "big bird book" to a colleague—who told him about the Audubon theft—and then took off in fresh pursuit, nailing the car further up the pike and arresting the driver for possession of stolen property. Later in the day, the FBI released more details. Francis DeForrest Van Zandt, 30, of New York City, and Roy Louis Morrell, 29, of Key West, the speeder, were both in custody. (What the FBI hadn't said was that when Morrell was arrested, he told authorities where to find the other three volumes.) The men had been roommates in Key West; Van Zandt had told acquaintances that he was a graduate of Harvard Business School and was in Florida seeking real estate deals. He was arraigned last week on federal charges of interstate transportation of stolen property and pleaded not guilty. Federal indictments against Morrell and others are expected soon.

It was unofficially reported that the operation involved more than the theft of the folios; that it was linked to a large-scale traffic in stolen art objects. Robert Volpe, a New York police detective who has been exclusively concerned with stolen art for the past five years, speculated that the crime was typical of modern art heists—one undertaken for a specific buyer, and very likely involving the selling of the plates individually.

In any event, the folios were recovered intact, and Wolfson announced that they would again be placed on display at Audubon House in Key West. Presumably, they will be well guarded.

END

## In Denmark, where cold winds bite a man's face, he's thankful for a tobacco that doesn't bite his tongue.



### Skandinavik Danish Long-Cut Tobacco.

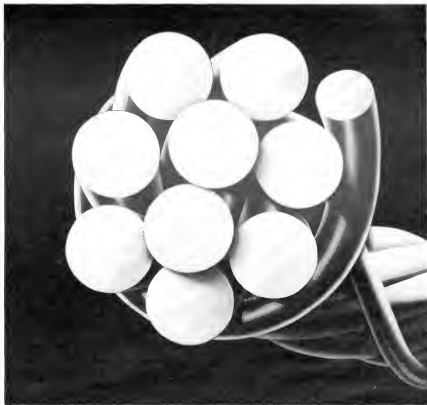


With a few puffs of Skandinavik long-cut pipe tobacco, you'll discover a flavorful Danish blend that burns smoothly and evenly, without burning your mouth.

Skandinavik is a remarkably smooth, flavorful, good-tasting pipe tobacco, and its Danish long-cut assures an even burn all the way to the bottom of the bowl. A pipeful of Skandinavik gives you one continuous pleasurable experience. Women love the subtle, masculine aroma of Skandinavik. So will you and everyone around you.

**Skandinavik®  
Danish Long-Cut Tobacco.**

Regular and Mildly Aromatic blends in pouches and 6 oz. and 12 oz. tins.



Months ago, our Chemical Development group in Texas was directed to find out if steel cords could be tough enough to be part of the best radial tire Firestone has ever made.

It wasn't long before our chemists announced the new Steel Belted Radial 721, a tire created to honor Firestone's journey that brought this important new tire to you.

**It wasn't a very pleasant journey.** At Firestone's Developmental Proving Ground in Ft. Stockton, Texas, drivers do things to tires we wouldn't want you to try.

Day in, day out, at up to 90 mph. Slamming into sharp turns, bursting through roads of water, creating deliberate blowouts by running over knives. Then carefully analyzing the effects of

each failure, of every part of the tire.

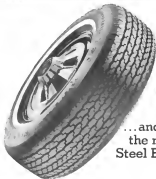
**Why did 721 steel cord come on so strong?**

For one thing, it uses ten strands of steel where we were used before. And we've wound it differently than we ever did before. With seven strands surrounding two strands, and one other wrapping up the pack. Seven-two-one, the new twist that gives our tire its name.

**Our journey's over, yours has just begun.**

We've tortured it the secret of tires and a tire cord, to bring you tires that are designed to work hard and long and well. If you'll also remember as you drive that the safety of any tire depends on wear, road, proper inflation and driving conditions, you'll take advantage of *everything* five million hard miles have taught us.

This message  
comes to you  
from 5,000,000  
miles away.



Ask a friend about  
**Firestone**

...and ask your dealer about  
the new Firestone  
Steel Belted Radial 721.\*

Considering how much time we spend thinking about, talking about and watching games, we are not really very inventive when it comes to developing them. In the doing-what-comes-naturally sports like running, jumping, swimming, grappling and pummeling, we have been amusing ourselves in more or less the same ways for millennia. Now and then we come up with the butterfly stroke, the fiber glass vaulting pole or Gorgeous George, but nothing truly new, like, say, the 50-yard stumble, the endurance sink or organized biting has been added to the repertoire in a long time. We are also pretty much stuck in the mud in games that involve doing something to or with spheres. All our currently popular ball games were thought up before this century began.

The best source of new sports and con-

tests has not been play but work, activities that first were hard labor. Americans have been particularly good at converting work into games, and many of these entertainments are based on the use of working tools, for example the cutting horse and briar. It was all but inevitable that our most useful and powerful tool, the combustion engine, would give rise to more contests than any other. And there is no indication that the age of motor-game invention has come to an end. A hot new sport, according to its fans and promoters, is now sweeping—or crawling—across the midlands of America. It is tractor pulling, which is touted by its devotees as “the world’s heaviest sport.”

Tractor pulling has been coming on for a long time, since 1929, in fact. The reason it didn’t catch on faster was that the sport began suffering from a sort of technical obsolescence. Merle Grimm, a Bowling Green, Ohio farmer and a puller for nearly 30 years, explains some of the primitive conditions and problems of tractor pulling until the mid-’60s. “We used to pull against a log sled or stoneboat,” he says. “We’d load her up with some rocks and scrap. Then, every 10 feet, we’d have two 200-pound men standing on opposite sides of the track. As the sled pulled past they’d jump on it. Men would keep climbing on all down the track until the tractor couldn’t move the load. The driver who hauled farthest won, and that was about it.”

“Sometimes people would fall off, especially if a little beer had been drunk. As the tractors began getting more powerful, it got so you might need

(continued)

## IT'S SHAKE, RUMBLE AND ROLL

*How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen tractor pulling, the hot new work sport that has come trundling out of the south forty to tug at our hearts* **by BIL GILBERT**

*Coughing through its own diesel exhaust comes a super stock that you'll never see a row of corn*



**RUMBLE AND ROLL** *continued*

*That's no glow back there. It's a weight transfer machine that makes the tractor rear back on its hind legs in a pull at Ottawa (right), while in Lake Crystal, Minn., another puller sports down the line at Farmfest, an event that brought 700,000 fans*

CONTINUED









After the pull, the people like to gather round

#### RUMBLE AND ROLL continued

40 men to stop them. That got pretty complicated, lining up all those 200-pounders, making sure they weighed enough, arguing about cheating. If the pull lasted a while, somebody was sure to have to leave to do chores or get his wife or something, and then we'd have to find somebody else in the crowd. It wasn't a very good deal."

In the mid-'60s some Bowling Green sports decided to do something about their awkward game. Borrowing equipment and ideas here and there, and with Grimm as the chief designer and mechanic, they invented a contraption called a weight transfer machine. A WTM is a fairly massive and complicated device but about all you really need to know is that it packs some 50,000 pounds of weight in a box. Gears move the box forward and the rest is physics: there comes a point where the weight is so far forward that no tractor in the world can hudge the critter. There are now about 20 WTMs, bearing such names as Heart-breaker and Eliminator, which are trailered around the country. The objective of tractor pulling is no longer to move a given weight, but to move a WTM set at a certain gear ratio. At most major pulls the tractors compete on a 300-foot straightaway track. How far they can tug the WTM before they spin out, blow up or are stopped determines their final rank. If more than one tractor makes a full pull of 300 feet, they are brought back for a pull-off, for which the gear ratio on the WTM is appropriately adjusted.

Among the original Bowling Green group that set out to revamp pulling was Ed Hart. He is a jovial man in his 30s who would qualify nicely as a weight man on a sled if such were ever needed again. Originally, Hart was a working Ohio farmer who pulled as a hobby. Now he

describes himself as an agricultural promoter, and his home base is Ocala, Fla. Hart used to operate out of Lake Crystal, Minn., where he organized Farmfest '76, a mighty happening, which, in the one week of its existence last fall, attracted about 700,000 cash customers. They came, as Hart's promotional material stated, to "salute the American farmer," but also to listen to a lot of country-and-Western music, to be hustled by virtually every agricultural supplier in the civilized world and to watch tractor pulling.

Hart got into promotion in 1967 when he and his fellow enthusiasts decided to go big time and put on the National Tractor Pulling Championship. They offered what for them was a staggering purse—\$12,000. Attracted by the money and excitement, pullers from all over the central Midwest trucked into the Bowling

Green fairgrounds. Some 20,000 spectators also showed up and most of them got pretty hungry and thirsty before the long, dusty weekend was over. This, more or less, was where tractor pulling took off. After the first Bowling Green nationals, it occurred to a lot of county and state fair promoters that the sport was a good gate attraction and its good a pop, beer and hot-dog seller as demolition derbies or go-kart racing. All of a sudden there were a lot more pulls with much larger purses.

Larger entry lists stimulated competitive juices, and pullers began abandoning their working machines, jazzing up engines and creating bizarre new rigs that were not good for much else but that could pull a weight transfer machine like Billy Blue Jesus.

These days, the sport offers two main

It took a heap of pulling and a couple of engines for Don Harries (right) to win with Loud Mouth Low



classes of rig. Super stocks are stock tractors jazzed up to 10 times their original horsepower by turbocharging and other practices conducted in darkest secrecy. The other class is modifieds, where anything goes, as long as the tractor is driven by the rear wheels and doesn't exceed 14 feet in length. It is possible for a competitor to buy a tractor off a showroom floor, and by the time he's through modifying it, the only original part left might be the rear axle. The rest is all dragster.

No one knows exactly what the figures were before 1967 but now, according to Ed Hart and others, about 3,000 pulls are sponsored each year. Some of these are on the Florida-Georgia "winter circuit" where a lot of Midwesterners show up to take a little sun and yank a few WTMs across the red clay. There are even four indoor pulls up North in the dead of winter. These are held in exposition arenas in Harrisburg, Pa., Denver, Louisville and Indianapolis where, in another Ed Hart creation, the tractor jockeys take part in the \$70,000 Super Pull, the sport's richest event. Hart calculates the total purse money offered at all the pulls last year was in the neighborhood of \$1.5 million and that the pulls drew about 1½ million spectators and up to 4,000 drivers.

Some of the risks of the sport are suggested by the mandatory safety equipment on the stocks and mods. They are equipped with wheelie bars because, as they dig in for rear-wheel traction, groaning and heaving tractors have a tendency to rear up and do backward somersaults. All have engine-kill devices that operate automatically if the tractor breaks away from the weight transfer machine. This has happened now and then, resulting in the spectacle of an unhitched, revved-up tractor plunging off the end of the track and through the infield fences at 50 mph or so. The vital parts of the pulling machines are encased in shields of ½-inch-thick steel, because of the frequency and explosiveness with which engines disintegrate under full stress. Accidents occur even with the protective armor. Last summer some 15 spectators were injured when a clutch on a pulling tractor disintegrated, straightened out the shield and flew into the crowd at an Ohio pull.

Despite the small-town backgrounds and rural roots of the sport, there is nothing particularly pastoral about the trac-

tor-pulling scene. In front of the grandstand the improbable machines—looking like dragsters crossed with brontosaurus—roar and groan down the track, spitting flames and belching clouds of blue smoke and gray dust—and occasionally spewing out bits of flywheel and engine block. The noise and stench levels are high, and visibility is not much better than that in Fairbanks, Alaska during an ice fog.

And this is only what is going on in the foreground. Behind the pulling strips are 20 acres of fairgrounds jammed with 1,000 or so competitors and their families, assistants and groupies. Most of these people are in one way or another in command of some lesser vehicle—a small tug tractor (many of the pulling machines have to be towed to the starting line), a pickup or a 4WD.

Still, once one learns to grope through and breathe shallowly in the carbonized air and to converse at a steady shout, there is a certain down-home quality to the scene. Most of the participants follow the Grand National circuit accompanied by their families or parts of them, often traveling between pulls in convoy—Dad in the pickup, trailering the tractor and motorbikes; Mom and little Peggy in the camper or the motor home with the fried chicken, beer cooler and golden retriever. At fairgrounds they set up with similarly equipped pulling friends with whom they spend the weekend eating, drinking, gossiping and kicking tires.

"Before we started pulling, we never got out of Vermillion County," says Charlene Harness of Dana, Ind., who attended about 50 pulls in the 1976 summer season, often with her two children and always with her husband, Don, whose Loud Mouth Lime was one of the most successful modified tractors on the circuit. "Now we go everywhere and I've got friends all over the country. Pulling has given us a real family interest. Like, if you spend the morning cleaning the kitchen, that's not going to mean much to a man, but if you do a super job pointing his headers he thinks you are really doing something. Even in the winter after the circuit, Don would be in his shop working on the Lime and I'd just take my mending out there. We get a chance to talk and I'm there if he needs me to hold something or hand him something. Just the other night I asked him, 'What do you suppose we did before we got pulling?'"

Like dog exhibitors, zooters, sailplaners and participants in many other itinerant sports, tractor pullers tend to brag about what good people they are. "You just cannot find a better class than pullers," boasted Wayne Patchett of Frankfort, Ind. Patchett figured in one of the circuit's major transactions this past year. Having won the Indy Super Pull with a self-designed modified that he put together himself, he sold the rig to a wealthy Colorado rancher who wanted to get into the sport, starting at the top. Thus, Patchett was a non-competitor but was at Bowling Green as a track official. "Whether I'm running or not, my wife and I wouldn't want to miss the nationals," he said. "We have so many friends here. There's not a puller I know I wouldn't trust with my wallet or even with my wife."

It is also a matter of pride with pullers that they are true-blue country boys and girls who leave the little old homeplace now and then to go off and play around with machines. Certainly, the majority at least own a farm. But, protestations aside, they are not your get-up-with-the-chickens, slop-the-hogs and hoe-the-potatoes kind of farmer. They are modern agribusinessmen in leisure suits who may have a Jag parked alongside the Winnebago and the pulling tractor back home. When pressed, they usually confess that the little old homeplace has 1,000 or so acres of prime farmland and is staffed, like any other business, with regular employees who do most of the slopping and hoeing while the chief executive trucks around all summer on the Grand National circuit.

The homeplaces also are doing well enough for their proprietors to afford competitive tractor pulling, the costs of which can be comparable to those of yachting or keeping a string of motorcycles. "We got a saying," says Merle Grimm, who along with farming 1,000 acres of corn and beans owns a snowmobile distributorship, "that the way you tell the men from the boys is by the cost of their toys." If Grimm's observation is true, tractor pulling should qualify as a fairly manly sport. One of the heavier super-stock models may cost \$30,000, and it is not uncommon to put in another \$10,000 or so in permissible adjustments and maintenance equipment. Modifieds are at first less expensive because they are put together bit by bit, but when they occasionally change hands, hot mods will

continued

sell for up to \$20,000. All of this is purely a sporting investment, because competitive tractors cannot be used for real work. Somewhat like thoroughbreds, they have become too specialized, and at once too powerful and too fragile to be much good for doing anything as gritty as plowing a bean field. (As a kind of local talent sideshow, some fairs will put on an "old time" field class pull. Area men and boys will come in with the machines they run in the fields and give a little tug on a WTM, but they are no more competitive with the full-time pulling rigs than a cow pony would be at Churchill Downs.)

"Shucks, it used to be a man could get into this game for \$1,000 and have some fun for himself," says Dickie Sullivan, a large, blond young puller in the heavyweight stock classes. "Now you can't stub your toe for a thousand."

Sullivan delivers himself of this opinion at the fairgrounds in Poplar Bluff, Mo., not far from where he farms along the Arkansas border. ("What kind of farming? Oh, just some row crops, that's all. How much? Oh, maybe all told 2,500 acres.") Sullivan is the only top-20 national puller from his area and even though the Poplar Bluff pull is nothing but a little tiny old C event, he shows to help give it some class. (Among other things, the Poplar Bluff Jaycees who are promoting the pull are selling Dickie Sullivan T-shirts.)

"Man," says a young grandstand admirer, "look at that rig old Dickie Sullivan has [a 1966 International Harvester diesel]. You'd think that thing would just melt. It must put out 2,000 horse the way Dickie's got her going."

"Yep, but that's all the dang thing is good for."

"I'll tell you what, you just give me that trailer Dickie hauls that old 1966 around on. That must be some loose change all by itself. You give me that and you keep the old pulling tractor."

In addition to the contest itself, a lot of the popularity of pulling comes from talking and marveling about how much money is tied up in the machines straining down the track and speculating on the risks being taken with all that money. At Poplar Bluff the point is continually emphasized by the announcer, a cattle auctioneer by the name of Big John Wagster. As an Allis-Chalmers hooks up to the WTM, Big John bowls, "This here is one of your hot running jobs, folks. In

them little stores and coffee shops they'll be talking all winter about this old orange point [the factory color of Allis-Chalmers]. There he goes, folks. Looks like he's a gonna pull her clean over to the airport."

About 150 feet down the track the A/C comes to an abrupt halt, enveloped in a spectacular cloud of flame, smoke and mangled metal parts. "Lord a mercy," shouts Big John. "I believe he done blowed her up. Daddy, go get that boy another 5,000 long dollars. He's gonna need them tomorrow for old orange."

Though he is perhaps not typical, being one of the biggest and most consistent winners on the Grand National circuit, Don Harness, the Dona, Ind. farmer (1,200 acres of corn and soybeans) whose wife mends while he tinkers in the tractor shop, is illustrative of the life, times and problems of a more or less full-time puller. Harness' specialty is the 5,000 modifieds that many huffs feel is the most interesting class, because they must be light enough to make this lowest weight but are usually powerful enough to compete with weights added in the heavier divisions.

Two years ago, when Harness and a lot of other pullers were running on nitro fuels, now banned for safety reasons, his blown 454 developed between 1,500 and 1,700 horsepower. But this year, using LP gas—alcohol and water is another mixture used by pullers—he is putting out 800 or less horsepower. If it were not trying to drag a 30-ton weight machine behind it, his rig would hit about 65 mph, Harness estimates.

A modish lime and chrome creation, immaculately polished and maintained, Harness' tractor is not only one of the best pulling machines on the circuit but is also one of the handsomest, if one finds beauty in very heavy equipment. Churlene Harness is largely responsible for the cosmetic touches. "I told Don that if we were going to get any attention, we were not going to run just another red or yellow tractor. There are so many of them nobody notices you no matter how well you pull. Lime is a pretty color and nobody else was using it. When Don was all finished working, he started the tractor up to show our little girl. You know those 454s can be pretty loud in a shed. Donna came running out with her hands over her ears. She said, 'Mom, it's a loud mouth time.' She'd been watching those Jell-O commercials on TV. I told Don

that it had to be the name, so he went and painted it on the tractor."

With the Loud Mouth Lime in tow, the Harnesses traveled some 40,000 miles in each of the last two pulling seasons, entering about 50 events a year. "Actually, it fits in pretty well with farming," he says. "In fact, that's why the pulling season is when it is. We hit the indoor pulls and the Florida-Georgia circuit in the winter when work is slow. We get back to put in the crops in the spring. Then we pick up pulling in June and finish up in late September, just about in time to get back for harvest. When we started we grew a good bit of wheat, but getting wheat in didn't work out too well with pulling so now we've gone pretty much to corn and beans. What with prices, that hasn't been a bad move."

Despite the time, effort and money he has invested in pulling, Harness resists being called a professional and in strictly financial terms he cannot be so classified. "Last year when I won the national championship was the first year I made any money at all with pulling," he says. "We took in about \$17,000. Maybe when you figure in repairs and travel expenses we cleared a couple of thousand, but if you added up the time, I'd have been working for about 100 an hour."

For most, like Harness, pulling is a labor of love or maybe of the ego, but there are now perhaps half a dozen admittedly professional driver-owners. The best known and perhaps most successful of the pros is Art Arfons, the former dragster guru of Akron, who pioneered the use of jet engines in racing cars and set a world land-speed record at the Bonneville Salt Flats. Arfons has closed his speed shop in Akron and for the past two seasons has concentrated on competitive pulling, hitting nearly all the national circuit events plus some state, county and exhibition pulls as well.

"Why am I doing it?" asks Arfons, a sleepy-eyed, impressively candid man. "I guess I'm doing it for the money."

"Like what kind of money?"

"Well, this season I'm doing about \$1,500 a week, which is a lot better than the speed shop was doing."

Though he has not yet won a national championship, Arfons has consistently ranked in the top three in the 7,000- and 9,000-pound modified and 12,000-pound unlimited classes and probably enters more events than any other puller. His tractor, the Green Monster, is certainly

continued

# The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative.

Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



Regular, Menthol,  
and Vantage 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

2000 mg. tar, 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
FILTER 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL 11 mg. "tar",  
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC '76,  
FILTER 100's 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

the biggest crowd pleaser on the circuit and is routinely featured in pulling advertisements and promotions. The Monster looks more or less like a fat stovepipe attached to a boiler and a set of forestry tires. It is driven by a Lycoming helicopter-jet turbine engine. Whistling and flaming down tracks, Arfons' creation generates up to 2,000 horsepower and something like 20,000 rpm's.

"I didn't know a thing about pulling until three years ago when a friend took me to see one of them at a fair," he says. "I got fascinated. I decided to get in and see what I could do with a jet. It's worked out pretty well. The turbine tractor is fairly inexpensive to build, doesn't give you many maintenance problems. It has the horses and it pulls smoothly. The main thing holding me back is I don't know how to drive it yet. That's why I do pretty well in the unlimiteds. You don't need many brains for that class. When I learn how to pull I may be pretty tough."

"If you don't have the horses," says Harness, "it doesn't make any difference how you drive. But given equal equipment, one fellow may do a little better than another. Maybe it would be about 60% tractor, 30% driver and 10% luck—what starting position you draw, what the weather does." (After each tractor pull, the track is scraped and dragged before the next one hitches up, this being a principal reason why pulls tend to be long-drawn-out affairs. However, as the competition progresses, the track surface changes and becomes harder or softer, depending on what the wind, sun and rain are doing.)

At Bowling Green, where there are around 40 competitors in the 5,000 modified class, Harness draws a position halfway down the list. An hour before the class begins he is on the track, walking it slowly, kicking it, patting and testing the surface. "With this sun," he says, "after 20 tractors run over it, this is going to be your real power track. I guess the most important thing is getting the weights balanced right for the kind of track you are going to run on."

Stripped down, the Loud Mouth Lime weighs a bit over 4,800 pounds. To reach this weight, Harness shaved 60 pounds of rubber off the mammoth rear tires, and while doing so adjusted the deck line and angle of the treads to provide what he considers optimum traction. The purpose of this weight reduction is to bring him far enough under the 5,000-pound

limit (not including the driver) so that he will have 200 pounds or so that he can add by means of movable weights and thus change the balance and performance of the Lime.

"On a soft track you are thinking about rear weight, so you can bite in," explains Harness. "but on a power track like this you've got a different problem. Because of the power, your front end is going to keep coming up, so you want to weight her to keep her down enough to steer. You want to be balanced so you pull with the front wheels just touching the track, where you are almost, but never quite, cutting a wheelie. A mistake some guys make is that they give a big jerk when they first catch hold of the weight transfer machine. A hundred feet down the track, they are bouncing around like they are on a bronco. They have to come off the power to get her down so they can steer, and when they do they lose headway and spin out. I learned early you want to start as easy as you can, pick yourself a straight shot down the track and keep pushing down on the juice. Never back off until that weight machine grabs you. Then you might dig in and rear up to get a couple of more inches."

Harness' comments are instructive. In the early going in the 5,000 mods, there are a lot of bucking starts, semwheelies, spinouts and stop shorts along about the 200-foot mark. It does not require a lot of expertise to spot class performances. Don Harness' is obviously one of these. He comes across the starting line, the 30 tons of geared weight trundling along behind almost quietly, considering the horses involved. With the Lime under tight rein, he glides down the lefthand inside lane of the track, as though he were plowing a bean field back in Vermillion County, Ind. Then at about the 250-foot mark, the Lime gives a sudden lurch and fish-tails toward the infield. Frantically, Harness fights the wheel and the weight machine, but has to pull up short only a few inches within the out-of-bounds line. (A pulling track is 30 feet wide.) Harness' pull is measured at 258 feet. It puts him in first place for the moment, but he is plainly unhappy.

"Damn," Harness says after coming off the weigh-in scales. "That's not going to stand up. The track's getting harder and there are some tough pullers coming up. I thought I had that one, a full pull all the way, but that was the 10% we were talking about—luck."

"How so?"

"I walked the track and I thought that strip along that side was going to run good, but while I was waiting on deck somebody spun out and dug a pretty good hole. When it was filled it left a soft spot. After I hit that and started to kick out, that was all she wrote."

As he predicted, Harness' mark did not hold up and his eventual seventh-place finish served to further tighten up the competition for national point leadership in the 5,000 mod class. In consequence, the last month of the grand circuit season was a hectic one for the Harnesses as they trucked back and forth across the midlands chasing points and purses. While some classes were still pulling at Bowling Green on Sunday afternoon, Harness loaded the Lime and started down the road toward the Indiana State Fair at Indianapolis, where he was to pick up a first. During the next three weeks the Harnesses pulled at Fort Recovery, Ohio (1st place); Indiana, Pa. (4th); Plainville, Ind. (3rd); Burton, Ohio (1st); Columbus, Ohio (21st); and Evanston, Ind. (11st). Then in Tomah, Wis. the Lime blew its engine and lumped in 11th. Working through the night, Harness installed the spare 454 Chevy engine, which he had carried all summer for such an emergency, and drove on to Lake Crystal, Minn. for Ed Hart's Farmfest '76 and the \$40,000 World Championship Tractor Pull. Going into the competition Harness led his nearest rival, Dave Hiltman of Rockford, Ohio, by a single point in the national standings.

Tractor pullers and everyone else who got caught up or bogged down in the Farmfest remember the occasion vividly. On Monday when the extravaganza was to open as the vanguard of the expected million visitors was approaching, it began to rain and kept on raining as it had not for years in southern Minnesota. Within 24 hours, the Farmfest fields were turned into a swamp of rich, black prairie mud. How formidable the mud was is documented by the fact that the World Championship Tractor Pull had to be postponed for two days because the cream of the nation's pulling machines, all those jet aircraft, hemis and blown Chevy-powered monsters could not progress more than 50 feet through the mess. Lesser vehicles like maintenance tractors, 4WDs, pickups and ordinary autos bearing spectators were absolutely immobilized for a day or so.

After an earth-moving project aimed at dredging the worst of the mud from the track, the World Championship Tractor Pull finally got under way on Wednesday. Harness was the first puller to try to churn through the silt-considerable quagmire. He slid, slithered and sprung 260.5 feet, stopping only when, for the second time in a week, the Load Mouth Lime blew up, this time with three bearings and the crankshaft disintegrating. Harness' spectacular early-morning pull held up until almost noon when one of the last drivers, working on a by then much firmer track, surpassed it by five feet. Nevertheless, Harness' mark was good enough for second place and, more important, was 12 points better than that of his chief national rival, Dave Hileman, who also had severe mechanical problems and could do no better than 14th in the boglands.

Taking no chances, Charlene and Don Harness loaded up the spavined Lime and that afternoon began the 800-mile drive back to Dana. There they put together one functional engine from the parts of the two wrecked ones and headed off to Lancaster, Pa. for the final national circuit event of the season. At Lancaster the gallant Lime was the runner-up, guaranteeing Harness his second consecutive national championship. Thereupon, the Harnesses and the rest of the circuit pullers went back to their various agribusinesses to get in the corn and beans.

That is more or less where things stood at the end of the 1976 season. Last March, Harness sold his two-time national champion 5,000-pound pulling tractor and he has just finished building a new machine powered by two blown 454 Chevys.

This year the NTPA has divided the country into four regions and a nine-event Grand National circuit. In the East, Larry Fuhrman of Decatur, Ind. is leading in the 5,000 mods; Harness has just returned to the pulls in his new machine, which he also named Load Mouth Lime.

Anyone who thinks tractor pulling is about as far as things can or should go underestimates American ingenuity when it comes to making and playing games with automotive equipment. For example, another event last year was the National Dump Truck drag championship. The mind boggles at the prospect of what may happen when an Art Arfons or Don Harness gets turned on to dump trucks.

END

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Although he is a teammate of the fabled Nolan Ryan, the Angels' Frank Tanana takes a backseat to no one when it comes to throwing hard or living easy

by RON FIMRITE

## THIS GUY TANANA'S NO SECOND BANANA

The language of baseball, especially and most lamentably the pitchers' idiom, has suffered in recent years from creeping grandiloquence. Where once a pitcher merely threw "hard," now he propels the spheroid with "outstanding velocity." And whereas analysts used to be content to say that a pitcher had "good control," now, alas, it is determined that he possesses "superior location." Worse yet, the jabberwocky of pitching is catching. Everybody uses it. Take Billy Muffett, a portly and ordinarily folksy Louisianan who coaches the California Angels' staff. Asked to explain how it is that Frank Tanana, a strapping who turned 24 this week and a lefthander, should pitch with the wisdom of a 15-year veteran, Muffett paused for a moment, groping for the *mot juste*, and then plunged headlong into the mainstream of sesquipedalianism. "Frank," he said, "has excellent maturability." He paused again. "If there is such a word, that is." Well, there certainly is now, and we may expect to hear it again and again from pitching sages—"He's got good velocity and location. It's his maturability we're worried about."

The word is just inflated enough to make it into the new vocabulary, but it will not work with Tanana, a wry, notably unsolemn young man who enjoys nothing more than deflating pomposity wherever he finds it, even within himself. Ask Tanana to explain what the experts mean when they say a pitcher has lost his "rhythm," and he will reply without hesitation, "That means the poor s.o.b. is being ripped." After he spent the eve of a recent pitching assignment perched on the dugout steps, intently watching fellow ace Nolan Ryan in action against Detroit, he was asked if he had learned anything from the experience. "Not a thing," he responded. "I

just like to sit out there so I can check the action in the stands."

The Angels have been shut out in three of Tanana's five losses this season, and they were no-hit by Cleveland's Dennis Eckersley in another. In that game, Tanana pitched a five-hitter and near-shut-out himself, the only run scoring on a suicide squeeze. Was he, despite the narrow defeat, thrilled to have been a part of history? "What that game meant to me," he says, "was that afterward I was 8-2 instead of 9-1." He won his ninth, shortly thereafter, gained his 10th on a two-hitter and his 11th with a shutout. His 12th victory, on Sunday over the A's, made him the first major-leaguer to win a dozen victories. His 1.89 ERA is also the best in both leagues. But for the catchpenny Angel bots, which contributed only one run and seven hits to Tanana's cause in his two previous starts, his record would be even more stunning. It is no wonder then that Tanana is so demanding of himself. For example, he gave up but one run to the Tigers in winning his ninth, but was grievously disappointed at his effort. "What I would like to know," he mused afterward, "is where the hell is my curveball?"

It is a question most American League hitters have been asking since Tanana appeared in their midst four years ago. They know it exists; they just cannot find it, because the Tanana curve is among the most wicked in all of baseball. But then so are his fastball and his changeup. And all three are thrown with withering accuracy. Unlike Ryan, with whom he forms the most devastating one-two pitching entry in the game, he has complete control. Ryan averages nearly seven walks a game; Tanana averages barely two, while striking out nearly as many hitters—eight per nine innings this season to Ryan's 11. It is this command of

his pitches that most astounds baseball's elders. Tanana throws too hard and he is far too young to have this kind of control, they say. And, Lord help us, he's a southpaw.

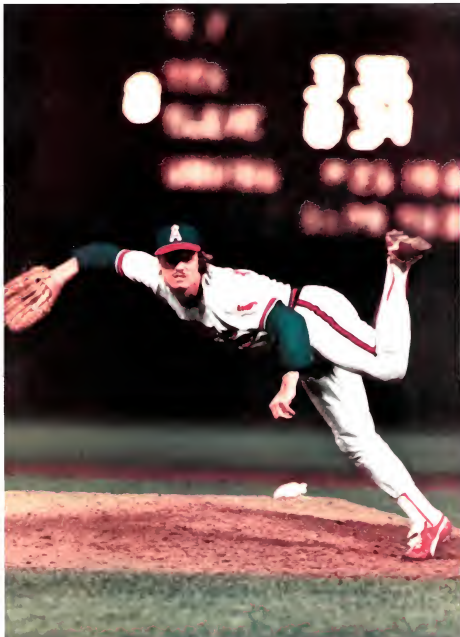
So was Sandy Koufax. Don Drysdale, now an Angel broadcaster, does not use the name of his old teammate in vain, but he can mention Tanana in the same breath without embarrassment. "At Frank's age, Sandy couldn't hit the batting cage," says Drysdale. Warren Spahn was also a lefthander, and Del Crandall, who caught him for many years and is now an Angel coach, does not use Spahn's name in vain, either. But he, too, can draw a comparison: "This kid has the poise, the grasp of pitching technique, the knowledge that Spahn had when he was 35." Angel Coach and sometime Catcher Andy Etchebarren also does not use the name of Jim Palmer in vain. When he was with Baltimore, Etchebarren caught Palmer, who was, like Tanana, precocious. Still, Etchebarren says straight out, "Frank is farther along at the same age." And Palmer was 16-4 at his age. Tanana's manager, Norm Sherry, says of his young star, "He's probably the best pitcher in our league. He has great confidence, poise and know-how. I've never seen a young man with more control on the mound. And he has an uncanny ability to reach back in a jam, to throw harder than you've seen him throw before. With all that, he's one of the best fiddling pitchers in baseball." "Frank Tanana," says teammate and former opponent Bobby Bonds, "is the best young pitcher in the world."

The recipient of these encomiums could easily pass for a Southern Californian.

*continued*

*Tanana, whose delivery recalls the style of Bob Gibson, leads the American League with 12 wins*





na beach bum. Tanana is 6'3", lean at 195 pounds and tanned from many hours of soaking up the rays. He has brown hair, blue eyes, knitted black eyebrows and the suggestion of a mustache. He is unabashedly a ladies' man, clever at parties, Captain Smooth on the beach. "Honey, would you mind doing my back?" He is unfailingly gregarious, buying rounds for friend and stranger alike. He will strike up a conversation with anyone. Waiting for a table in Seattle's El Gaucho restaurant a few weeks ago, he held a number of patrons and bartender Al Black in thrall for several hours. "He's a genuinely classy young man," said Black, who is 57. Tanana is also intelligent, witty and self-confident to a point just this side of cockiness. Except for the hours he spends on the field, he refuses to take either himself or his game seriously. Not that he doesn't work at it. He is considered by his manager and coaches to be among the most diligent, best-conditioned and most fiercely competitive of athletes. It is just that, to Tanana, most everything is "no big deal." You have seen him in surfer movies.

On a day in June when the Southern California sun fairly embraced its worshippers, Tanana lay in a chaise longue by the pool at his condominium in Corona del Mar, only minutes from the Pacific beaches. A six-pack lay between him and an extraordinarily fit young person he identified only as "Kathy." She was "a good friend," a senior majoring in dance at Long Beach State, a charming companion of an afternoon. Kathy rubbed suntan lotion into his back.

Tanana adjusted himself for maximum exposure to the rays. "For three years, the Angels have been losers," he said of his team, which is improved this season but so far is still barely at .500. "Losing is no fun, but if I had to pick a place to be on a losing club..." his left arm swept the scene—gorgeous companion, sun dancing off orange tile roofs, bright blue pool—"this is it." He rolled onto his back. "During the season I don't do a thing but this and concentrating on baseball. But in the off-season, I... well, I guess I do the same things." He smiled. "I'd have to say this is just a tad different from my life-style in Detroit."

Tanana is the only son the has three sisters) of a Detroit cop, himself a former minor league player. "My dad was in the Cleveland organization, but he had his family too fast, and minor league ball

just don't make it under those conditions," Tanana says. "So he joined the department. I grew up in a baseball home, but I was never pushed. Still, I always seemed to have a ball and glove around. Before I knew it, I had the fever. My folks gave me the time to play. The three meals were always there. I didn't have to work unless I wanted to. For that, I am forever grateful."

"We lived in the northwest section of town, and the kids I hung around with played sports all day long. We'd get out of school, take half an hour to get rid of the books, and then we'd play until dark. We played everything—baseball, basketball, football, street hockey. I was always throwing a ball at some kind of a target. When I got old enough, they told me, 'Kid, this is called home plate. Throw the ball across it.' I said, 'O.K.' It was just another target. People ask me about my control. Hell, I always had it."

"I went to an all-boys high school, Detroit Catholic Central. It was about seven miles from my home, but I wanted to go there because I saw this picture of one of their basketball players driving for the hoop on the front page of the sports section. That impressed me. Front page. I could see myself there."

He was there often enough. At Catholic Central, Tanana was all-state for two years in basketball. His pitching record was 32-1 in a league that allowed only three balls and two strikes. "The idea was to speed up the game, I guess," Tanana says. "It speeded it up, because if the pitcher couldn't get the ball over, he was out of there in a hurry." Tanana was never out of there. Then, in his senior year, during a game against Austin High, something snapped in his left shoulder. "I threw sideways to a left-handed batter, something I never do," he says. "I felt really cocky, like I could do anything. So the first left-hander I saw, I dropped down on him. It was an unnatural motion. The shoulder went. I grinned and bore it for the rest of the season. I was suffering, but I still won. Then in the city Catholic championship game I went four innings and couldn't take it any longer. I walked off the mound and asked to be put at first base. I had pitched hurt all season. This time, I just said, 'To hell with pitching hurt.' I'm amazed anybody drafted me after that. I'd had college basketball scholarship offers, and I'd pretty well decided on Duke, so when I walked off that mound, I said to myself 'That's

it. Frank. You're going to college."

To his own surprise, he did not. The Tigers were no longer interested in him, but the Angels were. They drafted him first in 1971 and signed him to what Tanana calls "a substantial bonus. I figured, 'Great, I'll be ready to pitch next season.' But they sent me right away to Idaho Falls. I couldn't pitch. I couldn't even comb my hair. Here I am, 18, away from home for the first time, with a big bonus, and I can't play. I tell you, I didn't have many friends on that team. I was not what you call good people here. Then were guys being cut off the team, and I, who couldn't throw, was staying because



I had this bonus. I was like an outsider on the inside. I was a total basket case—or at least a half-basket case. 'Now,' I thought, 'the college scholarship is gone.' I said to myself, 'Frank, you should've been a brain, a student. Then, unless you lose your mind, you'd be O.K. The body is just too weak.' I had tendinitis on both sides of my shoulder. The rotator cuff was gone. They shot me so full of cortisone, I was like a pincushion."

Tanana did no more pitching in 1971, a dark year in an otherwise sunny life. Rest, something he can adapt to, proved the proper therapy. Midway through spring training of 1972 he was throwing

with gusto again. He won seven and lost two for the Angel farm club in Quad Cities and was 16-6 the next season for El Paso, a team then managed by Sherry. "He struck out 14 in his first game for us," Sherry recalls. "Right then, I knew he could pitch." The following year, Tanana joined the Angels, and he has been with them ever since, baffling opponents with his stuff, engaging them with his aplomb. "That confidence he exudes on the mound makes you so damn mad," says Seattle First Baseman Dan Meyer. "You want to hit him so bad that you get too anxious and start swinging at pitches he wants you to swing at."

But there would be one more dark time. In 1974, his first full season in the majors, Tanana injured his elbow and endured seven consecutive losses. At one point he found himself with a 4-13 record. "That was tough for me to grasp," he says. "I'd never lost more than two games in a row in my life. I was fortunate then that the club was going nowhere. They just kept throwing me out there, even though I was getting rocketed. My confidence was taking a beating, but I knew it wouldn't last forever." Indeed, the elbow recovered, and he finished the season with a 14-19 record. In 1975, a year Ryan was injured, Tanana

*(continued)*

*His postMajors sometimes bubbles up on the mound, but the 24-year-old Tanana's pitcher skilled far beyond his years who walks few strikes out many.*



was 16-9 and led the league in strikeouts with 269 in 257 innings. On June 21 of that season, against the Texas Rangers, he became the first American League left-hander to strike out 17 batters in a game. "Everybody stood up and applauded for me in the ninth inning," he says. "I felt invincible."

Last year he was 19-10 with a decorative 2.44 earned run average, 23 complete games and 261 strikeouts. A strained muscle in his left forearm deprived him of several midseason starts and, probably, a 20-win season. This year, if improved batting support is at last forthcoming, 25 victories would not seem unreasonable. And with Ryan off to one of his better starts, the Angels have the best pair of starting pitchers since Koufax and Drysdale.

Tanana, the quintessential swinging bachelor, and Ryan, the dyed-in-the-wool family man, seem to thrive on their friendly competition. They pitched successive shutouts against the Seattle Mariners in the first two games of the season, and on May 24 and 25 they tossed consecutive three-hitters against the Tigers, Ryan winning 2-1 and striking out 12 and Tanana shutting Detroit out with 11 strikeouts. "If somebody is pushing you, you try a little harder," says Tanana. "Naturally, I want to be the best on the staff, so if Nolan is winning, it's great incentive for me. I hope Nolan wins 30 games. If he does, the team will do well and so will I. We're all in this together. I'm way beyond saying I want Nolan to lose so I can be the best."

Tanana does not throw as hard as Ryan. No one does. But his fastball moves, and it remains his principal weapon. That and his remarkable control. Each of his pitches is made more effective by a delivery that appears orthodox enough to the inept eye but that he prefers to think of as unique. Tanana stands as far to the first-base side of the rubber as he can. He kicks high and, with a powerful overhand motion, throws across his body so that the ball seems to pop out of his uniform. His momentum as he flings himself across the mound occasionally causes him to lose his balance, in much the way Bob Gibson would stagger coming from the opposite side, but Tanana, like Gibson, is an agile fiddler.

His style would seem made to order for right-handed hitters, but Tanana devours them. "I have never seen a left-hander jam right-handers the way he



Tanana is sitting pretty on his friend Kathy beside the pool at his Corona del Mar condominium.

can," says Drysdale. The secret again is his control. Right-handed hitters do not expect a lefty to be able to throw pitches in on their wrists. Tanana's overhand curveball is another surprise. "Even when the curve is not working, it works," he says. "That's because the hitters haven't seen it by any other left-hander. Vida Blue throws more of a 'curve,' a big slider, and Bill Travers doesn't throw my pitch either. The things I do are natural. You can bet if I had a couple of bad years, they'd try to change me. That would mess up my head."

Tanana does have some pitching faults. He gives up too many home runs. "My problem is not getting the ball over the plate, but keeping it in the park," he says. "Without the homers, my ERA would be in the zeros." It is a failing common to fastball pitchers with control, as witness the impressive gopher ball statistics of Catfish Hunter and, on an even higher plane, Robin Roberts. Tanana also has had a tendency to "cruse," as he puts it, when his team has staked him to a big lead. A traumatic game against the Yankees last Aug. 22, he firmly believes, cured him of the accused cruising. Leading 8-0 on a two-hitter entering the ninth, Tanana blew sky high, allowing six runs before he was relieved. The Yankees tied the score that inning, and although the Angels eventually won 11-8 in the 11th, Tanana realizes now that he blew a 20-win season that night.

Although he insists he no longer cruises, Tanana, unlike Ryan, prefers to preserve a little of himself for critical situations. Because of this, he doubts he will

ever pitch a no-hitter. "I might give them something to hit in the early going, not make too many outstanding pitches," he says. "But with men on base, they'll see a different pitcher. They'll see another speed of fastball and a curve with more bite to it. It's all there when I need it."

On the day of his ninth win, Tanana watched the Portland Trail Blazers beat the Philadelphia 76ers for the NBA championship on the television set in his sunken living room. He is usually somewhat subdued on pitching days, but, as an old player, basketball still rouses him. "Look at Dr. J," he cried out at one juncture. "If his mouth were big enough to get around the ball, the man could slam-dunk with his teeth." After the game, Tanana retreated to his kitchen to prepare a pregame steak. In the adjoining den, there is a bookshelf filled not with phonograph records, as one might expect, but with books. Leon Uris is there and, surprisingly, so is Erich Fromm. "Oh, I haven't read that yet," says Tanana, denying intellectual pretensions. "But I do read a lot. Nothing heavy, though. *The Joy of Sex* is a particular favorite."

Tanana puttered about the modern kitchen, protesting all the while that he is not a domestic animal. He does not see himself as someone's husband. "I'm having too much fun doing what I please," he said. "I just broke up with a girl I'd been going with for three years. It wasn't fair to her. Here I am on the road half the time, and you know, you don't have to look for women when you're a ballplayer. They look for you. Maybe I'll get all this out of my system in a while. Maybe

not. Maybe this is just me. If so, O.K. Damn, that steak looks overdone. I'm so domestic, it's sickening."

He settled before his mid-afternoon repast. "I'll go to the park in a while. Do some stretching exercises, have Jimmy Reese [the 71-year-old Angel coach] hit some balls to me. Jimmy is a great old guy. People are always asking him about when he played with the Babe, but he never talks about himself, which is nice. Gives me more room to talk about myself. Steak's not too bad after all. . . ."

He looked thoughtful. "You know, if my career came to an end tomorrow, I'd be in real trouble. Oh, not financially. I'm being paid an enormous sum to do what I love doing. My contract goes through 1981, and I'll be lucky to be alive that long, let alone throwing baseballs. No, money is no problem. Finding something to do would be. If I'm gonna do anything, I want it to be something I can have fun at. Otherwise, forget it. I think I could adapt to broadcasting. I did a couple of games at the end of last season. I pitched a Friday night game and I was done for the year, so I asked Drysdale if I could come up to the booth the next day. Naturally, that night I purred. So the next day I get a call at 12:45 from Drysdale, who's wondering where I am. Well, where I am is still in the rack. But I get up and make my way out to the park. I'm unshaven, all baggy-eyed, looking pretty bad, pretty much the way I usually do. So Don hands me the earphones, and I'm on. Funny thing is, I did all right. I was much better the next time, though."

He rose from the table and walked to the large window in the front room that looks out on a courtyard populated exclusively, it seemed, with young women in bathing suits. "I guess I better get out to the park a little early," he said. "Might take me a half hour. On a good day, I can make it there in 20 minutes in the Mercedes, but if I get tickered any more, it'll be cheaper to hire a car and a chauffeur. As it is, the insurance is a killer. They're just waiting for guys like me— young, single, driving a Benz. Yeah, I'd better get going. Sure like to go out to the pool, though. Catch a half hour on each side. But hell, you gotta make some sacrifices in this business."

He shrugged, turned away from the window and the temptations it offered up to him and headed for his sleek car and yet another victory. It was, you might say, an act of real maturity. **END**



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# Nobody knows the doubles I've creamed

*Working in the Padres' second-division backwater, Dave Winfield moans that his hitting feats go unrecognized*



**T**his year, at last, it was supposed to be different for the San Diego Padres. After suffering for eight seasons from what appeared to be terminal expansionitis, the Padres seemed to have found a cure. Owner Ray Kroc funneled enough of his Big Mac bucks into the free-agent marketplace to sign A's Reliever Rollie Fingers and Catcher Gene Tenace. A trade brought slugger George Hendrick from Cleveland, and the previously moribund farm system suddenly presented Manager John McNamara with three rookie starters: Mike Champion at second, Bill Almon at short and Gene Richards in left.

But, as the old baseball saying goes, if the Padres are in fifth place on July 4, they are liable to have another rotten season. Indeed, the rookies have been disappointing; the manager has been fired. 1976 Cy Young winner Randy Jones is on the disabled list and the team has neither soothed nor signed its only bona fide hitting star, Dave Winfield, the huge outfielder, is batting .297, with 17 home runs and 58 RBIs, but he is unappreciated and unsettled. "Playing in San Diego means no national television exposure and no box scores in the morning pa-

pers in the East," he says. "No one notices us."

Certainly the All-Star Game voters haven't. Despite his outstanding season, Winfield is 14th among outfielders in the voting, and his only hope is that Manager Sparky Anderson chooses him to represent San Diego. "There aren't 10 better players than me in the National League," Winfield says. "People always want to know why Winfield is not winning ball games. Well, one man, two men, three men can't do it. If you took any one or two of the Reds and put them on the Padres, they wouldn't turn our situation around overnight. It's too heavy to carry by myself. If the Padres go places, I will be a main reason, but if they falter . . . He pauses. "If they falter, I'll still shine."

The faltering began in earnest on April 24, when Fingers failed to protect a ninth-inning lead. The Padres fell below .500 and lost eight in a row. The pitching has been atrocious. The entire staff has produced exactly one (1) complete game, and Jones, the author of that feat, is off the roster, trying to rebuild his left bicep tendon, which was operated on. The Padres have needed 35 pitchers a

game. Nothing has helped, not even the Sunday morning prayer meetings that have been watched over by the new manager, Alvin Dark.

Last Wednesday, in a typical Padre victory, Dark used 17 players, including five pitchers, to beat Houston 7-4 and end another eight-game losing streak. In those defeats, the right-handed-hitting Winfield clubbed three home runs, had seven RBIs and lengthened his hitting streak to 13 games. So, the Padres' 32-48 record notwithstanding, Winfield reports that he is alive, playing well and emerging as a complete ballplayer.

The San Diego management is less eager to report that Winfield, 25, is unsigned and unwilling to remain on a losing ball club in Tijuana North. In 1976 Winfield signed for \$57,000 after failing to hit consistently over an entire season. But last year he led the Padres in hits (139), home runs (13), stolen bases (26) and runs scored (81), despite missing the last month with a leg injury. Although it meant taking the automatic 20% pay cut, he decided to prove his value on the field and start this season without a contract.

"There is no doubt about it," Winfield says now. "I have arrived, it's

simply that no one has noticed." The muscular 6'6" 220-pounder exudes a sensitive, soft-spoken confidence. "It's a quiet, solid type of believing," he says, "but even if I did talk loudly about it, who would listen? Talk is cheap and the Padres haven't gone anywhere since I arrived."

Winfield became a Padre in June of 1973, bypassing the minors. After three years of pitching at the University of Minnesota, "Dave the Rave" was the Padres' first draft choice. When he wasn't pitching for Minnesota, he played the outfield, and when it wasn't baseball, he was a forward on the school's controversial basketball team. During the infamous Ohio State game in 1972, Winfield joined in the vicious, on-court brawl. He now says he participated "to protect my teammates." However, Winfield considered himself neither a fighter nor a hooper. First and foremost, he thought of himself as a pitcher. Nonetheless, he was drafted by the ABA, the NBA and the NFL, as well as the Padres, who assigned him to the outfield.

"The Padres started me off pinch-hitting against left-handers, but by the end of that year I hit better off righties," he says. "They planned to send me to the minors the next spring, but there was just no way." In 56 games Winfield hit .277, an average he failed to surpass until last year. This season he unabashedly declares, "Now I am a hitter."

Winfield stands back and away from the plate, extending his long arms into a deliberate swing. He is not primarily a wrist hitter and triggers his 35-ounce bat with a quick downward motion. He can send the ball deep to all fields. Batting Coach Bob Skinner says, "This season Dave has found a tempo. He always had great natural ability and that's why we made him an outfielder, not a pitcher."

On defense, Winfield's arm is becoming as accurate as it is strong. In April he threw out three Giants in two games. "Not as many players try to take that extra base anymore," he says. "I've embarrassed them too often."

Despite their negotiations impasse, Padre President Buzzie Bavasi admits that Winfield is the perfect type of player to build a contender around. But Winfield is tiring of the Padres' perennial rebuilding in the media boondocks. Ominously, Manager Dark is already talking about the team's bright hopes for 1979. Wait till the year after next.

## THE WEEK

(June 26-July 2)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**AL WEST** It's getting so you can't tell the Johnsons apart without a scorecard. Lamar, Bart, Tom, Dave and Darrell—Johnsons all—had their ups and downs last week. Lamar, who was definitely down six weeks ago, made his patience and power pay off for Chicago 14-21. "Early in the season I was getting flustered," Lamar admitted. "I wasn't getting enough times at bat." So Lamar called his mother in Bessemer, Ala. "I'm sure glad I talked with her," he said. "Mom told me to be patient." After Jim Spencer broke a toe early in June, Lamar was installed as first base and since then has hit .337—bringing his average up to .329. Lamar had four RBIs as the White Sox dumped the Mariners 10-4, a victory that was saved by Bart. In another 10-4 drubbing of Seattle the next day, Lamar slugged his second homer of the week and ninth of the season. Spencer then returned to first base, and in a 13-8 win over Minnesota hit two home runs and had eight RBIs. A pair of Johnsons relieved for the Twins. Tom taking the loss and Dave facing four men and giving up three runs. Lamar? He returned as the Sox DH and added his 10th RBI of the week in that contest. Chicago also beat Minnesota 5-2 behind the pitching of Chris Knapp (7-4) and the slugging of Richie Zisk, who drove in all the Sox' runs with his 18th and 19th homers. Those two wins, witnessed by more than 70,000 fans in Chicago, lifted the White Sox back into the division lead.

Chicago 106 120 002—12-16-2

Minnesota 264 300 22a—19-18-0

That was the lonesome as the Twins (3-3) started off the week by bumping the Sox out of first place. Tom was the winner. On hand were 49,963 fans, a record for a regular-season contest in Minnesota. They saw Rod Carew get four hits and drive in six runs and get upstaged by Glenn Adams, who had four hits and eight RBIs. The White Sox have won four of seven games this season from the Twins, have a 58-48 edge in runs and a 16-7 lead in homers. They are tied in Johnsons. 2-2. In their second game of the week, the Twins romped past the Brewers 10-3 as Dave Goltz won for the eighth time. Although Minnesota produced 29 runs in those two games, Larry Hyde did not pad his league-leading RBI total until Saturday, when he drove across two runs to give him 73. As for Adams, he batted .550 and drove in two more runs as Paul Thordomsgaard stopped Milwaukee 3-3. Finishing with a flourish, Carew wound up hitting .486 during June.

More than a little upset with his team's two losses to the White Sox was Darrell John-

son, the skipper of the Mariners (2-4). What annoyed him most was that during those two games his pitchers walked 14 batters. So Darrell took Tom House out of the bullpen and gave him his second start in six seasons. Darrell savored that 3-1 win in Chicago largely because House did not issue a walk in seven innings before giving way to Enrique Romo, who pitched the last two innings for his fifth save. Pleasing, too, was a 2-1 defeat of Milwaukee in which Glen Abbott and Mike Kekich yielded only six hits and two walks. THIS CLUB NOT FOR SALE read a banner that night. Seattle, which lost its original major league franchise after just one season (1969) because it drew only 677,944 fans, has already drawn 703,355 this year.

Joe Zide of Kansas City (5-2) had five hits and four RBIs as the Royals disposed of the Indians 12-2. Paul Sphoroff started for the Royals in that game, gave up three hits and a walk to the four men he faced and was replaced by Marty Fubin, who hurled nine innings of three-hit relief. Andy Hassler and Dennis Leonard also pitched admirably. Hassler beat Cleveland 1-0 on a one-hitter (Duane Kuiper singled in the sixth) and Leonard stopped the Angels 3-1. Much of the offense was supplied by Pete LaCock, who hit .588.

Despite being out of 15-9 by the Royals, the A's were 7-3 winners. Tight pitching and timely hitting earned Oakland (5-3) four other triumphs. Vida Blue blanked the Angels 3-0 for his 12th straight win in Anaheim. At home against the Angels he is 3-9. Rookie Rick Langford (6-6) held off Texas 4-1. The A's also beat the Rangers 6-5, scoring twice in the last of the ninth on hits by Wayne Gross and Willie Crawford. Reliever Adrian Devine had apparently ended the inning by picking a runner off base after Gross' single, but he had forgotten to step off the rubber, was called for a balk and then gave up Crawford's single.

In Texas the managers tried to keep up with the Johnsons. Eddie Stanky, who replaced Frank Lucchesi, had succumbed to instant homesickness and one day later was replaced by Coach Connie Ryan. After four days at the helm, Ryan decided to pass up a chance to finish the season as manager, so Billy Hunter left his Orioles coaching job to become the fourth Ranger boss in eight days. No one was more confused by it all than Dock Ellis, who has played for seven managers this season. Ellis started under Billy Martin in New York, was traded to Oakland, where he pitched for Jack McKeon and Bobby Winkles, and then was dealt to Texas just in time for the farcical managerial shuffling there. Mike Marshall, the longtime reliever who has been converted to a starter by the Rangers (3-5), teamed up with Paul Lindblad to cool off the A's 5-2. Then came word that Marshall had strained a knee ligament and was being put on the disabled list. Unfazed by all

continued

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### BASEBALL continued

the troubles was Gaylord Perry, who beat Oakland 4-0. During his last 25½ innings, Perry (17-6) has given up only 17 hits and two runs, and has struck out 21.

"We're dropping like flies," said California General Manager Harry Dalton. The fallen Joe Rudi (on the disabled list with a fractured finger), Don Baylor (pulled hamstring), Rance Mullins (bruised thigh), Bobby Garich (back trouble that will require surgery and may keep him out for the rest of the season), Gary Nolan (sore shoulder), Dave Chalk, Gil Flores, Mario Guerrero and Gary Ross (assorted minor ailments) into the breach—chaum!—stepped Centerfielder Ted Bosley. He was rushed up from the minors, arrived just 25 minutes before a game against the Royals and tripped, singled and drove in three runs in a 7-0 win. Three years earlier, when Kansas City Manager White Herzog was a California coach, he called Bosley "the best raw young talent I've ever seen." Nolan Ryan (10-7) won that game, giving up five hits and striking out 12 as he hurled his 13th complete game in 19 starts. Beating Kansas City was nothing new for Ryan, who went into the game with a 16-6 record and 1.84 ERA against the Royals.

CHIC-32 MINN 42-34 KC 40-36 CAL 36-37  
TEX 36-38 OAK 34-41 SEA 35-46

## AL EAST

Sure enough, there were also some Johnsons in the East. Cliff Johnson helped New York (14-3) regain first place by becoming the first American League since 1966 to sock two homers in one inning and the first Yankee since 1973 to hit three in one game. In all, the Yankees had 10 homers, including Fred Stanley's fifth in five seasons, a two-run blast that finished off the Tigers 6-4. The Yankees also rallied past the Red Sox 5-4, sending 55,039 fans home when Paul Blair singled in the bottom of the ninth to chase in the winning run.

Toronto (14-3) twice beat New York, once when Reliever Jerry Johnson saved a 7-6 verdict and then 6-5 before a home gathering of 40,116. Ron Furry hit four home runs to raise his total to 12. Pete Vuckovich doubled his wins by registering two victories.

Also doubling his victories was Mike Flanagan of Baltimore (4-3) in a game in which Manager Earl Weaver achieved an unofficial "save." After a two-run error in the ninth gave Cleveland an apparent 4-3 win, Weaver got the umpires to change a ruling by pointing out that because the overthrow went into the dugout, only a two-base advance and one run could be allowed. So, 10 minutes after leaving the field, the players returned and the Birds won 3-3 in the 10th.

The Red Sox, who had hit 33 homers in 10 games, came through with only three all week. That, coupled with 218 hitting,

was why Boston lost all six of its games.

Jason Thompson of Detroit (5-2) hit four homers, one as Mark Fidrych (16-2) muffed Boston 7-2 before a home crowd of 51,475. Fidrych gave up his first home run in 66 innings that night, and when Manager Ralph Houk came out to talk with him he was lustily booed. "It makes me feel bad to hear them boo him," Fidrych said later. "If he was a bad manager do you think I would pitch like this? They should be yelling him."

Even though Duane Kuiper hit 387 and Paul Dade 438, the Indians lost five of eight. Frank Duffy, a 199 hitter at game time, slugged two homers to help ex-Oriole Wayne Garland defeat his former team, 4-2.

Superb pitching by rookies Moose Haas and Larry Sorensen gave Milwaukee (13-3) a 10th. Haas huffed the Mariners 2-1 on four hits, and Sorensen, with ninth-inning relief from Bob McClure and Bill Castro, held off the Twins 1-0. Another narrow victory came when Cecil Cooper stroked a grand slam with two out in the ninth to vanquish Seattle 8-6.

NY 43-34 BOS 41-33 BAL 41-36 CLE 36-37  
MIL 37-39 DET 35-39 TOR 29-46

## NL WEST

"If he didn't know before that baseball is a humbling game, he knows it now," said Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson. Humbled was rookie Paul Molitor. In his first start at home, he was tagged for six runs in one-third of an inning by the Dodgers, who won 9-3. Also learning hard lessons was 40-year-old Joe Hoerner, who hit two Giant batters in a row to force in runs and then gave up a grand slam homer to Willie McCovey in a 14-9 loss. But the Reds (16-2) did some humbling of their own, topping the Giants 11-4, 5-4 and 11-5. Bolstering the Reds were 10 RBIs by Johnny Bench, 417 hitting by Dan Driessen, 193 batting and 11 runs by Joe Morgan and a couple of Norman Conquest. Little Fred Norman (9-3) beat the Dodgers 5-4 and the Padres 2-1.

When McCovey was shown a compilation of his home-run feats, he said, "I'll never hit two in one inning again." The next day he did precisely that in the 14-9 win, making McCovey the first ever to twice hit two homers in one inning. The 17th grand slam of his career (off Hoerner) also set a league mark. A lesser hitter for the Giants (2-5) was Pitcher Ed Halicki, but the one run he drove in was vital as he downed the Astros 2-0.

Robust hitting by Steve Garvey and fine pitching enabled Los Angeles (16-2) to retain its 8½-game lead. Garvey hit .389, drove in 10 runs and swatted six home runs to give him 22 and tie him with Mike Schmidt for the major league lead. Doug Rau (18-1) and Burt Hooton (7-3) won twice.

San Diego (11-5) and Atlanta (3-4) kept on struggling. Phil Niekro of the Braves, who



was 6-7 on May 11, was 7-9 after beating the Padres 8-5 and the Dodgers 5-4. Nickro's brother Joe earned a win and a save for Houston (3-3). Joaquin Andujar (9-4) beat the Padres 5-1 with a five-hitter. And, asking last, Cesar Cedeño got some hits, his 476, which lifted his average to .205.

LA 52-26 CIN 42-33 HOU 34-44  
SF 34-45 SD 32-48 ATL 29-48

**NL EAST** Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia (6-1) quit thinking. That gave opposing pitchers something to think about. "It was about a month ago that I decided to stop trying to figure out what the pitcher would throw, and just swing at what I see," Schmidt explained. It was also about a month ago that he predicted, "I've got a period coming when I'll be scolding him." Imprisingly true to his word, Schmidt tied Ralph Kiner's 30-year-old league mark by walking 14 June homers, all after the fifth of the month (Three American Leagues have hit 15 in June. Babe Ruth in 1930, Bob Johnson in 1934 and Roger Mares in 1961.) One of Schmidt's pokes helped Jim Kaat stop St. Louis 2-0 for his 250th win and another provided two runs for Steve Carlton (10-4), who beat Pittsburgh 8-1. Schmidt's third homer of the week was instrumental in decking the Pirates 4-3, a game the Phillies might not have won had it not been for Ted Sizemore's sign-stealing ability. After spotting Catcher Duffy Dyer's signal for a changeup in the seventh, Sizemore intuited a double steal, sliding safely into third while Dave Johnson went to second. Larry Bowa followed with a single that drove in Sizemore with the decisive run. Philadelphia also beat Pittsburgh 7-6 by scoring three runs in the bottom of an improbable 14th inning. Schmidt, cogitating for a change, dropped down a bust single. With two on and none out, Richie Hebner failed to hunt the runners along, so he swung away and hit a game-winning homer. Or so it seemed. After an interminable argument, the umpires decided that Hebner's drive, which hit the top of the fence and bounced back onto the field, was a double. Thus, only one run scored and the Phillies trailed 6-5. Johnson's sacrifice fly tied the score and Sizemore settled matters with a single. Delighted with it all were the 112,630 Phillies fans who showed up for the three games.

Even more fans—113,366—witnessed a three-game sweep of Chicago at St. Louis. They saw the Cardinals (6-2) take the opener 2-1 by scoring in the eighth and ninth, and end the streak of the Cubs' redoubtable reliever, Bruce Sutler, who gave up his first earned run in 14 outings. Larry Dierker and Rawly Eastwick then combined on a five-hitter to stop the Cubs 3-1. The Cardinals took the third game 10-3. Earlier, Third Baseman Ken Reitz declined a chance to visit the sec-

ond game of a doubleheader against the Pirates and proved it was a wise decision by hammering two homers and driving in eight runs in a 13-1 romp.

Although Sutler picked up his 19th and 20th saves, the Cubs (3-4) buckled a little at late. They hit only 208 and during their third loss to the Cardinals made seven errors, five as the first inning, which is one short of the league record held by the 1903 Pirates. Such ineptitude cut Chicago's lead over Philadelphia and St. Louis to 5½ games.

Not including the two new expansion teams, major league attendance is up more than 1,200,000 over last season. (With the newcomers added, the increase is 2,700,000.) Nowhere has there been more improvement than in Montreal, where attendance is up 250,000. With 33,422 on hand to cheer them on, the Expos (5-4) took a 6-5 5-3 twin bill

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**ROO CAREW:** The one-of-a-kind Twin scored eight runs, drove in 11, hit his 14th triple and sixth homer, stole home for the 16th time in his career, had 12 hits in 21 at bats and raised his average to a remarkable .408.

from the Mets to move out of last place. Homers by Tony Perez and Ellis Valentine, his 13th of the season and second inside-the-park shot, helped win the opener. Home runs by Andre Dawson and Chris Speier, plus the relief work of Canadian Bill Atkinson, were largely responsible for the second-game victory. Warren Cromartie's first homer carried the Expos past the Mets 4-3 the next day. At the start of the season, Montreal's three outfielders had a total of 261 days of big league experience. Valentine, 152, Cromartie, 84 and Dawson, 25. "He can be as good as anybody who ever played," Manager Dick Williams said of Valentine, 22, who is hitting .118. Cromartie, 23, batted .438 to raise his average to .304; Centerfielder Dawson, 22, is batting .279.

Aggressive base running by Lee Mazzilli led to a 6-1 New York win in Montreal. Mazzilli stole second base in the seventh and scored the tying run, then stretched a routine single into a double as the moth and came home with the winning run on Mike Val's single. But the Mets (2-6) continued to be puzzled by the poor pitching of Left-hander Jim Madlock, who was cuffed another twice, as his record sank to 3-9 and his ERA soared to 4.38.

Willie Stargell's 400th homer was one of 11 fence-clearing drives by the Pirates (2-7). Even more productive were opposing hitters, who slammed a dozen home runs off Pittsburgh pitchers.

CIN 47-26 PHIL 42-32 ST L 43-33  
PIT 39-36 MONT 33-42 NY 31-45

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## A PETER PAN DOES A PISTOL PETE IMITATION

*One On One* is an oddly affecting little film about a college basketball player. It manages to go off in all the wrong directions—failing specifically to deal with its stated theme, the abuse of college athletes—yet it succeeds as a touching portrait of traditional young love.

Our attractive sweethearts are Robby Benson, a 20-year-old who possesses such a gee-whiz countenance that he could only have spent his formative years residing in a Cracker Jack box, and the comely Annette O'Toole, who has caught on that no matter how pretty she is, she cannot go one-on-one with Benson's baby face. So, very adroitly, she plays Wendy to his Peter Pan. The third principal is G. D. Spradlin, who portrays the Western U. monster-coach (above, with Benson), so villainous a creation that any player would leave Western straightaway in order to play under benign, softhearted Bobby Knight.

Benson, who wrote the script in collaboration with his father, plays Henry Steele, an innocent freshman, while Miss O'Toole is Janet Hays, a grad student who is apparently taking her masters in The Golden Age of Haight-Ashbury. Hindered by these dreadful caricatures, the two nonetheless play their parts well enough to beat the spread. Unfortunately, Spradlin is such an unbelievable snake that he has no alternative but to overact.

The problem with the story is that while it starts out to be a hard-hitting expose of big-time college athletics, it ends up as a trite old set piece about a country mouse coming to the city—Los Angeles,

in this case. To be sure, we are shown how recruits get cars and other payoffs but so too must we suffer through little Henry encountering (with proper dismay) teen-age hustlers, amorous older secretaries, cocaine parties, tight jeans pseudointellectuals and other staples of Los Angeles. As far as big-time athletics is concerned, Henry seems to think it's all just dandy until he gets benched. There is no apparent conflict in his mind, and the only real confrontation is the primitive one between coach and player.

USC and UCLA both refused to let their campuses be appropriated for the filming (Colorado State was used), and I can't say I blame these universities because the story is not honest revelation but overblown fiction. Coaches like the one Spradlin plays simply don't exist, and the scene in which he imports a goon to beat up Steele destroys all credibility. Literary license is one thing, but it is not out-picking to ask that "realistic" sports films make some effort to get the structure real.

It is probably because the main plot is so ersatz that we are diverted by love. But let us praise fairly. It takes an adult with a strong stomach to tolerate any Hollywood adolescent affection (most especially one sickled o'er with druppy Seals & Crofts confections), nonetheless, only a grouch would not root for the Benson-O'Toole team. You see: opposites attract! They meet because, although she is gorgeous, barely his senior and virulently despises all athletic "animals," the Western U. athletic department assigns her in tutor the numb-brained letter-sweaterer in her bedroom apartment (we were talking about literary license). But it works. I was much more taken when Henry proudly finishes *Moby Dick* for her than by his star-spangled exploits on the court in a heroic closing sequence that would make George Gipp blush.

Robby Benson is a blue-chip actor—beguiling, vapid naïveté is not the easiest thing to portray—and while he appears to have been frightened in his sleep by bad dreams about Pistol Pete Maravich, his basketball sequences are proficient. If only he and his father had been as determined to make an authentic movie about the evils of college athletics.



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# Now for the all-star wars

*With the discipline of college ball just around the corner, a bunch of post-prep hotshots used an AAU youth tournament in Florida as a showcase for showing off*

Any kid who wants to play serious basketball, summer is a time for expending honest sweat to smooth out the rough edges of his game. The off-season polishing has now reached the point where the best high school players travel a sort of Grand Prix tournament circuit. Last week's stop was the Amateur Athletic Union's Youth National Championship at Boca Raton, Fla., and most of the leading drivers, dipydooers and dunkers showed up to do battle.

Fourteen state and city teams checked in for the tournament co-sponsored by the City of Delray Beach recreation department and staged in the air-conditioned Boca Raton High School gym. The event was open to players 19 years old and under who had not attended college, and except for a stray junior college whiz

looking for an offer from a big-name school, most of the players were just-graduated high school seniors. Starting last Wednesday, they played noon and night if not morning, wedding out the limp and lame in a round-robin format winding up with Sunday finals.

The much-recruited Albert King of Brooklyn was present, sharpening the classy game that has University of Maryland fans already lining up outside Cole Fieldhouse. So was Earvin Johnson, who is headed for Michigan State. Notre Dame recruit Kelly Tripucka, Marquette's Oliver Lee and Tennessee's James Ratliff all were present, plus at least a dozen other youngsters who can resuscitate college basketball programs.

The tournament was played under international rules with a 30-second clock, a setup that, given the temperament of youth, was like throwing oil on a refinery fire. The winning teams ran up an average score of 119 points per game and on Wednesday night the Wenatchee, Wash. team pumped in 154 while beating New Jersey. It was fitting that when asked to explain his team's offense, Detroit Coach Quinon Watkins said it was "simplified," apparently meaning that after each player was assigned a position, it was simply every man for himself. Sure enough, the official scorers complained that they couldn't keep up with the action, and those 30-second clocks, which retail at \$550 a pair, turned out to be expensive pieces of metal sculpture that hardly ever buzzed.

Top teen-age stars are as much at ease making a good play in Boca Raton as they are in Minsk. Since the senior prom, many of them have played in all-star games from coast to coast, as well as in a tournament in Germany where the U.S. team whopped some opponents by margins of more than 50 points. "I've got more uniforms and medals than Idi Amin," says Earvin Johnson.

In the polls for top high school player last season, Albert King was the early leader, but Johnson, as well as Phil-

adelphia's Eugene Banks (bound for Duke), had closed with a rush. "Albert King is definitely one of the best," said Johnson after scoring 48 points in Detroit's 131-127 victory over Washington D.C. Wednesday afternoon. "But I have not seen it yet where he can dominate a whole game."

Seeing's believing, but King dominated the whole AAU tournament the past few years. This was his third appearance, and his New York Riverside team had won the last two tournaments, with King earning Most Valuable Player honors both times. No wonder a small band of King fans showed up to admire him, including one fellow who drove all the

Johnson: today MVP, tomorrow Michigan State



King: getting his game together for Maryland

way down to Florida in a Brooklyn taxi-cab. Their enthusiasm was tempered this summer, however, because King is working on his team game, passing off the ball, setting picks and offering his body for sacrifice.

"I just play according to the situation," he says. Consequently, a crowd of 1,800 was disappointed when King scored only 22 points in Riverside's opening 79-68 win over New Orleans. When he got just 14 in a 108-84 defeat of Buffalo on Thursday, the muttering grew louder

As it turned out, King may have been a bit too selfless. Against Florida's Gold Coast club Friday night, he played only seven minutes in the first half, resting a tender left knee, and New York fell behind by 13 before he whooshed back into action and pulled his club into a 51-51 halftime tie.

Riverside trailed 108-98 with a little over three minutes left when King went to town. He scored 14 quick points, including six in seven seconds when he stole two straight inbounds passes, bringing New York to within two points. King's heroics were not enough; Riverside lost 120-116 and was eliminated. Still, all those mutters had turned to cheers. "He can score 80 if he wants," said teammate Larry Washington. "He ain't got to prove nothing. He's already done all the damage he could in high school. He's No. 1."

Part of the appeal of the AAU tournament is that many of its coaches consider it a hobby. Ernie Lorch, Riverside's head coach since 1962, is a corporate attorney with one of those firms that have five last names: Detroit's Waskins is a fireman, and Wenatchee, Wash. Coach Ed Pariseau is an apple packer whose company donated \$9,000 to make the Florida trip possible. The excursion was a family affair, because one son, John, played guard, wife Eve provided cheerleading, brother John served as assistant coach, and daughter Marianne served as the team statistician. "A Pariseau loves two things: apples and basketball," says Marianne. (A one-point, last-second loss to North Florida upset the Pariseau appellation.)

A few teams traveled overland to the tournament, but most of them raised enough money to fly. "If we don't fly, I'm not here," said New Jersey's Kelly Tripucka, the 6' 6" forward from a family of athletes. His father, Frank, was a quarterback at Notre Dame and later played in three professional football leagues—the NFL, AFL and CFL. Four of Kelly's brothers played college sports, and a basketball-playing sister, Heather, scored 61 points in a game. After Tripucka was hampered with fouls in the opening game, he scored 30 and 41 points the next two nights.

Joining Florida Gold Coast in the semifinals were Detroit, Seattle and North Florida, a club with three prep All-Americans: Oliver Lee, Guard Wilmore

*continued*

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## BASKETBALL *continued*

Fowler (Kansas) and Center Reggie Hannah (Florida). Notable in the team's effort was an early-round 140-69 smashing of Dayton.

Detroit considered itself the tournament favorite, an arrogance to be sure, but befitting the team personality. The Motorowners brought a tape player to the bench and listened to music whenever the action got boring. When Reserve Guard Edgar Merchant began moiling in jump shots from so far away that they needed zip codes, he paused while running back upcourt to slap the palms of each of his teammates on the bench. Coach Watkins said he did not believe in curfews and had his team under a "control situation," explaining that when they stayed out until 4 a.m. at local dives, it was perfectly all right because they were with him.

The Boca Raton fans took to calling Earvin Johnson "Windex," because of the way he cleaned the glass. True, Johnson sometimes plays like he attended the Campanella Russell School of Defense, but offensively he can do what he wants. In the opening semifinal game against Florida Gulf Coast Saturday evening, the graceful 6' 8" forward dribbled the ball upcourt through a maze of players like Bobby Orr, shot well from the outside and scored 36 points as Detroit roared to a 132-113 victory.

In the other semifinal, Seattle found that North Florida had too much brawn and brains, the latter exemplified by the fact that they held team meetings. Seattle's 7' 3" center, Petur Gudmundsson (Washington), who was discovered in Iceland by Husky Coach Marv Harshman, was opposed by Hannah and James (Popcorn) George (University of North Carolina, Charlotte), who explained that he gave himself his nickname because "I pop and sizzle." About the most spectacular thing Gudmundsson accomplished was banging his nose against the backboard in the second half. North Florida won as Ruben Cotton came off the bench with 27 points for a 110-97 victory.

Detroit approached the final game as if it were going to take place on a playground. The team went disco dancing till close to Sunday's dawn, then bogged past North Florida 96-90 in the afternoon. Earvin Johnson scored 25 points, was named the tournament's Most Valuable Player and hit the road for the circuit's next stop.

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**GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAISTLINE  
2 TO 4 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS—OR LESS  
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

**Chuck Pope**—"When I found my waistline measured nearly 40 inches, I realized I had to do something about it. The trouble was nothing I tried, including diet, helped—until I found the Astro-Trimmer. Then, incredibly, in just 3 quick 10 minute sessions I reduced my waist over 5 inches, down to 34 inches, with no dieting. And even now, 2 months after my initial program my waistline remains a firm 34 inches!"

## HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



**1. How to wear the Astro-Trimmer:** The Astro-Trimmer is a simple, easy-to-use device that is worn around the waist. It is made of a soft, non-porous material that is comfortable to wear. The device is designed to be worn around the waist, over the hips, and under the arms. The device is made of a soft, non-porous material that is comfortable to wear. The device is designed to be worn around the waist, over the hips, and under the arms.

**2. How to use the Astro-Trimmer:** The Astro-Trimmer is a simple, easy-to-use device that is worn around the waist. It is made of a soft, non-porous material that is comfortable to wear. The device is designed to be worn around the waist, over the hips, and under the arms. The device is made of a soft, non-porous material that is comfortable to wear. The device is designed to be worn around the waist, over the hips, and under the arms.

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**AFTER**  
Chuck Pope  
5 1/2" off  
waistline in  
just 3 days

**Startling discovery** The Astro-Trimmer has got to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use! Its steady state of all time is a marvel of design, comfort and efficiency—and a pure joy to use! The Astro-Trimmer's totally unique design consists of a double layered belt, a soft non-porous outer thermal layer which we call "Astro-Trim" and a sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified directly to the elastic thermal line of the belt to produce an absolutely unparalleled inch-reducing effect. In fact, for those inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy to do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 12 to 70 are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch reducer. Results like these:

**F. Macdon**—No matter what I tried—dieting, exercise—I was never able to get rid of the roll of excess inches around my midsection. Then Astro-Trimmer came along and reduced my waistline 6 full inches—from 38" to 32"—in just 3 days without dieting. The inches have never come back! This has to be without a doubt, the worlds greatest inch reducer!

**T. Guter**—My waist actually came down 5 full inches in 5 days—from 38 to 33. Any exercise program looks so much better and I feel so much better that I can't praise this sensual inch reducer enough.

**J. Morgan**—Remarkable results from a remarkable product. With the Astro-Trimmer I actually reduced, firm and tightened my waistline 5 inches—from 33 1/2 to 28 1/2—in just 3 days—without dieting. Not only has my appearance improved tremendously, but I feel so much better and seem to have so much more energy than before.

**How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer?** How many excess inches do you have? Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. These four even more inches off the waist in three days is not uncommon. Next everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this marvelous body shaper means excess inches off the waist abdomen, hips, thighs with such amazing speed that you lose waistline and 2 to 4 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days—or less—and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and exercise in 10 minutes a day you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

**No risk—no obligation—money back guarantee.** So-called waist trimmers and reducers are now being nationally advertised for from \$19.95 to \$49.95. Yet the sensational new Astro-Trimmer—which trims and slims excess inches far faster far more effectively than anything we have ever seen—is being offered for only \$29.95 with a complete money back guarantee. If you are not satisfied that it is the fastest, the most effective waist reducer you have ever used, it will not cost you a penny. So if you want a trimmer, more dynamic body—right now—send for your Astro-Trimmer today.



Chuck Pope  
BEFORE

**Astro-Trimmer**—PO Box 3140 Dept. 81-4 Monterey CA 93940

**ORDER NOW FOR A SLIMMER,  
TRIMMER WAISTLINE THIS WEEK!**

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How many excess inches do you have? Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. These four even more inches off the waist in three days is not uncommon. Next everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this marvelous body shaper means excess inches off the waist abdomen, hips, thighs with such amazing speed that you lose waistline and 2 to 4 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days—or less—and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and exercise in 10 minutes a day you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Slew blew West test

*The unbeaten Triple Crown winner flew all the way to Hollywood to pick up a couple hundred thou, but this colt named J. O. Tobin upstaged him by a socko 16 lengths*



J. O. showed Slew his heels right from the start

Seattle Slew bombed in his Hollywood debut. The previously undefeated Triple Crown champion was panned by critics as he lost, not just to one horse but to three, and finished an embarrassing 16 lengths up the track.

The star of the show was J. O. Tobin, who was something of a mystery colt. Arriving in this country after being England's top 2-year-old of 1976, he was scheduled to start in the Santa Anita Derby in March. He never made it. Next, he was to appear in the Hollywood Derby in April. He missed that one and the Kentucky Derby, too. He did run in the Preakness, but worked himself into a lather on the way to the gate, was slow breaking and disliked the footing. He finished fifth to Seattle Slew. Just another California pipe dream, Easterners said. But his win Sunday in the \$316,400 Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park makes one wonder: If there is a mystery horse now, it is Seattle Slew. Was he sick, sore, tired? Something had to account for his stunning loss, the first in 10 lifetime starts.

The third biggest crowd (68,115) in the track's history chanted, "Slew, Slew, Slew" as the field of seven paraded, but

just seconds after J. O. had won the mile-and-a-quarter race under a front-running ride by Bill Shoemaker, the fans were yelling, "Shoe, Shoe, Shoe."

"I had faith that this was a truly fine racehorse," the champion rider said later. "He had problems adjusting to the dirt in this country and struggled to learn to break from the gate after being used to starting from the tape abroad. But I sensed that he was getting better all the time and wanted him to have a second shot at Seattle Slew."

When the gate sprang open for the Swaps, J. O. was the first out and he roared away in front. After a quarter of a mile he led Slew by three lengths. The Triple Crown winner stayed within striking distance for half a mile, but then Shoemaker turned his handsome colt loose, and he came down the stretch an eased-up winner, defeating Affilate by eight lengths, with Text a nose behind. "I now believe that J. O. Tobin can beat Seattle Slew, even in his best form," Shoemaker said.

The winner is named for a 98-year-old retired San Francisco banker, who is one of the four principal owners of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He is an energetic, forceful individual despite his years, and the colt's owner, George Pope Jr., felt his high-spirited son of Never Bend was just the right animal to bear his friend's name.

Though Swaps Day brought joy to the old, it cast gloom on Slew's young owners—Karen and Mickey Taylor and Jim and Sally Hill. They had headed west certain of victory and eager to show off their champion. Furthermore, they believed they could pick up a lot of loot with little effort.

When Seattle Slew won the Belmont Stakes, the assumption was that his shoes would be pulled and he would not compete again until August. But six days later the shoes were still on, and his owners seriously began to consider sending the colt west. "We could have put him out and

let him roll in the sand," said Trainer Billy Turner, "but he was full of himself and seemed to be crying to run. But we had to be satisfied about certain conditions before we went to California."

Mainly, the Slew crew worried about the condition of the Hollywood track. The owners consulted their West Coast trainer, Dave Hofmans, who assured them that the surface was not jarring, as is often the case.

The Swaps had been run only three times before and had lured just one winner of a Triple Crown event, Avator, who took the 1975 Belmont. But Slew's celebrity quickly upgraded the race and turned Los Angeles into a one-horse town. The track gave out 125,000 yellow-and-black bumper stickers reading SEATTLE SLEW, WHO LOVES YA' HOLLYWOOD PARK. Hundreds of racetracks—owners, trainers, groomers—appeared at Burn 60 to admire the colt and to take his picture as he walked to and from workouts. The California legend, Johnny Longden, arrived one dawn "Bringing the horse here is great for California racing," he told Turner. "Not since Citation met Noor [in 1950] have I seen such excitement. I've got a four-seat box and have been offered \$500 for it for Swaps Day. No way, I wouldn't miss being there."

Harold Ramsey, the manager of operations at Hollywood Park, was under siege. "The seats were gone 48 hours after we announced that Slew would run," he said. "We put 3,000 aside for sale at the gates because we knew people were going to start lining up at 5 a.m. There has never been anything like this."

Jimmy Kilroe, the track's director of racing and the man responsible for luring the wonder colt west, said, "Seattle Slew is not only the biggest thing in racing today, he's the biggest thing racing might ever have seen. He can add 20,000 to the gate."

With all the ballyhoo, the dangers of sending a racing-sharp thoroughbred on a transcontinental trek were largely overlooked. When the mighty Kelo tried such a jaunt in 1964, he ran two dismal races. In one he was eighth, in the other sixth.

Citation, the only Triple Crown winner besides Slew to go west in his prime, had more success, winning two small races, but he soon went lame and was laid up for a year.

Citation got to California by train, but Slew flew. To keep the colt calm on the

continued



# Buick's Open Door Policy:



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every possible door to try to put you behind the wheel of a new Electra this summer. Which means he's willing to consider any offer he feels is reasonable.

So come in and give a new Electra your closest inspection. Examine the fit of its doors, the finish of the paint and chrome, the quality of the upholstery. Check out its list of standard equipment that includes power steering and brakes, automatic transmission—even power windows. Test-drive it, and discover why 1977 may go down as the best year in Buick's 75-year history. Truly, Electra is one of the world's outstanding cars.

Do that, and when you're through, talk price with the salesman. We think you'll find the discussion a real eye-opener.



5½-hour non-stop jet flight. Jim Hill, who is a vet, gave him 1½ cc. of Ace promazine, a tranquilizer.

"I've always felt that the reason some horses are bad shippers is that they had a bad experience someplace along the line," Hill says. "They often have to wait to be loaded onto planes, and it can get either very hot or very cold standing in a van on a runway. Getting them to the plane door from the ground can be precarious, too, because horses are unfamiliar with heights. If something spooks them, they will just step off the lift and fall to the ground."

On his arrival Slew settled down quickly, and he seemed to relish the Hollywood track. By week's end there were rumors that a world-record was almost certain. It would be a fine occasion for a stunning victory, one that would be discussed coast-to-coast, because the marketing of the colt was moving into high gear. Five thousand Seattle Slew T-shirts (\$6) had been shipped west and were being sold at the track. And sleuvenis were

bobbing up elsewhere. A \$2 Belmont Stakes win ticket on the colt (which would have brought \$2.80 at the cashier's window) plus a 35¢ program from that day were being offered through the mail for \$10, and uncashed \$2 win tickets from each of his Triple Crown victories, mounted on plaques, were selling for \$250.

The greening of Seattle Slew began last month with advertisements in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and *The Washington Post*. A photo of the horse was offered unframed for \$10, framed for \$30, and a limited-edition copy "framed in barn siding, numbered and signed by Karen Taylor," was priced at \$150. Slew was signed up to endorse Wahl pet clippers and Agway feed, and a Hathaway shirt contract was just around the bend. Coins extolling his excellence were being minted. Banks were after him for endorsements, and just about every racetrack wanted him for an appearance. Last Friday a man from Texas called suggesting a match race with a quarter horse for \$300,000.

The defeat, coming as it did when the crew was beginning to reap real money, will hurt. There was talk of syndacating Slew for \$14 million before the loss. That figure seems inflated now.

The colt did have one excuse in the Swaps. He was pinched in along the rail by Text for a short spell on the backstretch. But this was not enough to make him run so poorly. Slew just plain failed to fire. "I knew we were beat going into the first turn," Jockey Jean Cruguet said. "Yeah, it got a little tight in the backstretch, but if I had had enough horse, it wouldn't have made any difference."

"Slew was physically ready for the race but not mentally," Mickey Taylor said, and perhaps it was as simple as that.

Before the trip, Slew had been checked out by a aeroradiography machine. His body was scanned, and no chips or cracks turned up. In part, this was a publicity stunt, as the horse is endorsing this Xerox product. But the machine that can tell what goes on in a horse's head has not yet been invented.

END

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B-26



**You know this pleasure is going to last.  
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No wonder that drinkers are finding that white rum enhances every one of the traditional gin and vodka drinks, from the martini to the screwdriver.

And isn't it nice that you were among the first to know.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**



They came dangerously close to being labeled the Fort Lauderdale Sea Boots, but their general manager, Krikor Yepremian, was finally talked out of naming his team after his sportfishing boat. They share their stadium with the South Broward County High football team; it seats 11,000 maximum, on wooden benches. Last year they were the Miami Toros of unhappy memory and these days they run onto the field to the theme from *Rocky*, as if apologizing in advance. But they now have a touch of class.

Last Friday morning, backlit by lightning flashes and dripping wet in the warm rain, the Strikers—as they were called after Sea Boots was jettisoned—worked out under the direction of their classy touch, Gordon Banks, by general consensus the finest goalkeeper in the world until he lost the sight of his right eye in a car crash.

Since that wet Sunday afternoon in October 1973, when he pulled out of line to pass on a narrow road near his home in Staffordshire, England, hit an oncoming van and was lacerated by windshield fragments, Banks had played very little soccer until he came to Florida this spring. It took 108 stitches to sew up his face but the eye was gone. He tried a number of comebacks in exhibition games—too soon, he now believes—before settling down as assistant coach at his old club, Stoke City in the English First Division. Then Ron Newman, the Strikers' head coach and an old friend, persuaded him to come to Fort Lauderdale.

The deal smacked a little of showmanship. Indeed, a club official admitted at the start of the season that he didn't believe Banks would be "much of a factor on the field" at 37 years of age. And Steve Rankin, the club's PR man, had perhaps the most difficult problem of all. How do you write a press release that says, basically, "Strikers sign one-eyed goalie"? The answer, as Rankin discovered after numerous false starts, is to refer to "a serious eye injury."

By last Friday morning, though, two-thirds of the way through the regular NASL season, there was good reason to take Banks' comeback seriously. The Strikers' respectable 10-6 record had been achieved mainly by hard defensive play in low-scoring matches. "He's kept us in a lot of games this season," said the official who had down-

## He's still holding the Fort

*Gordon Banks was the world's best goalie until he lost an eye in an auto crash. He's now the last line of defense for the surprisingly tough Fort Lauderdale Strikers.*

graded Banks. No backs, however good, can perform well if they lack confidence in the goalie. And what Banks had planned to not lost along with his right eye was the great talent he displayed in his 73 games for England over a 10-year span—an ability to read the flow of play so that he was perfectly positioned as an attack developed.

Banks, a big, loose-armed man with the lined face and the comic-lugubrious look of the late French comedian Fernandel, is frank about the limitations his injury has put on his game.

"Obviously, a dimension has gone," he says. "I can put my hand up on one

side and I can't see it. And in certain situations when I have to concentrate on a player with the ball quite close to the goal, I can't see other fellows who are running up into potential striking positions. So I have to read the game better than I did. I have to allow for a quick look around and judge whether or not I can cover if the man with the ball releases it to another forward. I've always explained the situation to whomever I've played with, so that they'll come in and help me out in a way that they might not with another goalie. They realize I can compensate with the experience I have in other ways."

*Continued*



*In the Strikers' 3-2 defeat of the Rowdies, one Banks save recalled his legendary 1970 deflection*

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SOCCER —continued

With the air at practice as thick and hot as minestrone, Banks, who is also the team's assistant coach, slipped in front of the squad like a 20-year-old, then put in an extra half hour of training himself to oblige an English TV crew. The other Strikers fled back into their concrete-block dressing room, where a black notice is taped beneath the phone: NO CALLEN—MANAGEMENT. They seemed a little downhearted. Two days earlier they had lost an away game to Rochester 3-1. That evening they were to meet Tampa Bay, whom they led by a single point in the fight for second place behind the Cosmos in the Eastern Division. But the Rowdies would be fresher, not having played since their 4-1 win on Monday at San Jose.

Tampa Bay had troubles of its own. Since the sudden, mysterious resignation of its much-acclaimed head coach, Eddie Firmani, for "personal reasons" four weeks earlier, the Rowdies had won only two out of six games. And this evening's game had taken on new importance overnight. The Cosmos had lost 3-5 at Vancouver and no longer seemed unassailable. They were still 19 points ahead, but in the NASL it is possible, by winning and scoring at least three goals, to pick up nine points in the standings in a single match—six for winning and as many as three for goals scored.

The Fort Lauderdale-Tampa Bay game was less than five minutes old when David Proctor, a veteran of the old Totos, scored for the Strikers, hitting a ball that had been badly cleared over the prone body of the Rowdies' goalie.

It seemed likely that Fort Lauderdale would fall back and play defensively to hold on to its lead. The Strikers did no such thing. They raided and held the balance in midfield by being more committed than Tampa Bay in going for the ball. For the first 20 minutes Banks was not seriously challenged. At 20:05 Colin Fowles scored the Strikers' second goal at close range after a goal-mouth melee.

Increasingly petty fouls began to sour the game—tripping, holding, pushing from behind. Two minutes after the second Strikers' goal, one of these fouls resulted in a free kick that Tampa Bay's Rodney Marsh crossed to Derek Smethurst in the middle, who hit a hard, waist-high shot at Banks. The goalie beat it out, but straight to the feet of Steve Wegeric, who scored. "I hit it at the wrong angle," Banks said self-accusingly after

the game. But there are few goalkeepers who could have purned the first shot.

Soon afterward, there came a moment of vintage Gordon Banks. From the left Marsh put in a magnificently struck shot that was going to curve just inside the right-hand post. Seemingly far out of position, Banks lunged full length to block the shot. Suddenly it was 1970 again, when Banks made what Pele described as the greatest save he had ever seen, by the greatest goalie whom he had ever encountered.

That was in Guadalajara, Mexico, England vs. Brazil in a first-round World Cup game, when Jairzinho broke through on the right wing and crossed to Pele, unmarked in front of the net. He came up like a salmon," Banks recalls, "and with those tremendous neck muscles, he hit a perfect header. The most dangerous kind, just short of the goal line, to bounce up and in." Banks had been at the extreme other side of the goal to cover a possible Jairzinho shot, and hadn't quite got to the middle when Pele was punching the ball down toward the far corner. So Banks had to leap, computing the bounce, how high and wide off the turf it would go, as he was in midair. And as the crowd was screaming "Goal!" and Pele was turning to run back, arms high in triumph, Banks got the top half of his right hand to the ball, spinning it up and over the bar.

But that was a long time ago, and now Banks was in a game that looked to be as hard and as bitterly fought as many World Cup matches, with the fouls increasing and becoming less petty and with the referee potently losing control of the game. When Marsh, admittedly provoked, punched a Striker defender in full sight of the crowd, he was shown the yellow caution card. It was absurd. In soccer there are only two ways a referee can react to a punch: pretend he doesn't see it or flash the red card and send the player off the field.

The game seemed over when George Natcholl broke free and made it 3-1 for Fort Lauderdale. But as the Strikers increasingly showed the fatigue their midweek game had brought, the Rowdies' pressure intensified. Fifteen minutes before the end, David Robb made it 3-2. After that all that stood between them and a tie were Banks and the crowd, fewer than 10,000 but enough to help the Strikers raise their game and hang on to win. With a touch of class, they did. **END**

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# MY VACATION WAS





# NIFTY



*Linebacker Brad Cousino performs a pas de deux while Baltimore Guard Elmer Collett dredges for gold.*

What do pro football players do after the final gun of the last game and before the first whistle of summer training camp? Nine members of the NFL show and tell

by **ROBERT F. JONES**

CONTINUED

It's like sitting in an autumn glade somewhere in New England, all orange and brown and gleaming yellow. The boles of the trees are gray in the muted light. A burble of soft rock music fills the air—it could be a trout stream running over stones. Houseplants aspirate: feather fern, wandering Jew, the grasping green legs of an herbaceous spider.

"Wider, please."

The illusion shatters. This is a dentist's office, the off-season habitat of William Edward Lenkaitis, 6'4" by 250 pounds by 31 years of age, better known to the sporting world as center for the New England Patriots. His hands, bigger than most men's feet, look as though they could disjoin a mandible with one minor slip. And he's about to clean your teeth!

O.K., relax. Finger for finger, Bill Lenkaitis is probably the most talented young dentist in Foxboro, Mass. Certainly he's one of the nation's most calming. His autumn-woods wallpaper, the big windows that let light into his spacious suite on a quiet side street of the small (pop. 14,218) town and the gentle FM music that he plays reinforce an image of self-assured competence—and put to rest the deep fears of going to the dentist.

The ultrasonic vibrator whines against your ivories. "I'm a bit heavy-handed sometimes," says Lenkaitis, "so I prefer not to use the scaler. You know, that little hook thing that a lot of dentists use to scrape away the tartar. If you slip, it's Bleeding Gumsville. And who needs that?"

"I hate that sterile music you hear in most dentists' offices. If I'm going to have to be here from nine in the morning to nine at night, as I often am, I should feel like I'm at home. It's tough to get stoned in dentistry anywhere. You go around to the grade schools and ask if you can have the

honor of showing kids how to brush their teeth. You work long hours on your feet, concentrating, trying to keep people calm, trying to help them. You join the Jaycees. Wider there, please. Fine.

"I had orthodontia as a kid," Lenkaitis says, "braces for I don't know how many years, and it got me into this. I mean, everybody has to go to the dentist, but do they have to think of it as a visit to the Bastille? I hope not. After pre-dent at Penn State, I was a part-time student at the dental school at the University of Tennessee from 1969 to 1974. Opened this office on the day of our first league game last season. It's building, slowly but surely, but it's building."

Lenkaitis steps back from the chair. His wide, calm face brightens in a smile. He has good teeth.

Later he works on an elderly woman named Caroline Duesing, 83 years on the planet and all of them in New England. Still, you can sense her tension. Lenkaitis bends over her and whispers sweet nothings, an instrument moving in micromillimeters, big hands flexing with surety.

"Didn't hurt you there, did I, Caroline?"

"No, you didn't hurt me."

"Good."

"It's not exactly like going to a charity ball, but..."

A teen-aged girl comes in—emergency, she says—and Lenkaitis puts her in the chair near the window. He probes and peers, gives her mouth about a quarter of an hour of close scrutiny. Nothing wrong. No, there's no need to pay.

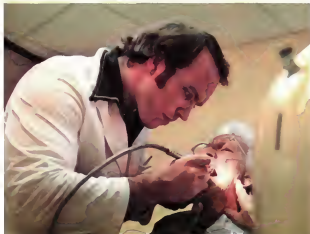
"Twice a month, regular as clockwork," he says, laughing. It's clear he's pleased. "She comes by with a dental emergency, I look at it, and there's nothing wrong. A crush, I guess. But I kind of like it."

He might have called it The Forearm Smash or The Busted Skull—that is, he might have, if you believe the exaggerated accounts of his ferocity that are rehearsed every season. Instead, the sign on the plate-glass window says simply: ATKINSON'S LIQUOR STORE. Old ladies with their arms wrapped around bags of groceries trudge uphill on the sidewalk that passes the window, flinching every now and then as they avoid the kids on skateboards whipping past them. A warning sun burns through the endemic Oakland haze. Black voices rag and jive on the corners, and smart black men in colorful hats strut past, grinning and faking punches at one another. Soul music wails through the grunt of traffic.

A German shepherd lies in the sun just inside the open door of the liquor store. His head rises and the yellow eyes stare balefully.

"Hey, Prince, hi, boy," says George Atkinson, bouncing through the door. He reaches down in passing and grabs the

"Open wide," says Dr. William Lenkaitis, who himself opens wide holes at the Patriots' center



dog by the muzzle for a playful shake. Prince—all grave and hard-eyed guard dog till now—jumps up from his watch post and wiggles along at George's side, staring up and grinning, his tail going a mile a minute. When George comes in to tend store, he can stop being a wolf and start being a puppy again.

Atkinson pauses at the cash register to kiss his mother, a large, serious woman, and crosses to the back room behind shelves upon shelves of gleaming bottles.

"Ahhh," Atkinson sighs, sinking back into a worn, sprung, but eminently comfortable arm chair and flicking on the television. "That old Prince is a good dog," he says. "My daddy taught him Spanish. I bought this liquor business for my folks to run. Mainly I mess around in real estate—foreclosures, fixing places up nice that wasn't nice before, buying and selling, keeping it moving. I grew up in Savannah, Georgia, just like my folks did, and it wasn't ever very nice for us down there. But up here they got their own place now, and the store, and they much happier with it. It's a good life."

If you don't weaken, George Atkinson, 30, slim, six feet tall, clad today in a spiffy pink suit with purple stripes and an open-collared shirt of muted incandescence, seemed scarcely the "Mad Dog" of NFL safeties that he has been made out to be. Perhaps the best pass defender in the game right now, and certainly the most intimidating, he is a fierce competitor once he pulls on his helmet. "But I got to be a hard hitter," he says. "I'm not that big. What I lack in size I got to make up for in how fast I'm going when I hit them. It's not as easy as it looks. If I goof up once, I get squashed by them big ends and backs." Atkinson's philosophy has paid off, at least to the extent that although he weighs 180 pounds and has rather frail bones he has never missed a game in nine years as an Oakland Raider.

"Come on," he says. "I want to show you a property I just bought. It's up on the hill overlooking the lakes."

The gray stucco apartment house on a hillside back street in a quiet neighborhood is not much different from those that flank it. But Atkinson is exultant. He parks his Cadillac Seville in the driveway and points out its features.

"Look there, you see that like alleyway between my house and the one next door? I put a gate on that to keep the sneak thieves out, and then I hire somebody to give her a new paint job all over. Maybe I install a new kind of door on the main entrance, where you need a special key to get in, or maybe even get me a doorman. Then I raise the rent and get rid of the riffraff. All these places here, they got riffraff in them. You got to get rid of the riffraff. Just raise the rent and they run like rats. But to raise the rent, you got to make some improvements. . . ."

A young black man in flash clothes comes out of the build-



Raider Safety George Atkinson got this store for his parents. He "messes around" in real estate.

ing, spots the Seville blocking the driveway, and swings down toward it, smiling widely. He leans in the window and beams at Atkinson.

"You the new landlord?" he asks.

"Nope," says Atkinson, grinning back just as affably. "Just looking it over. I heard it was on the market, so I thought I'd take a look. Sorry to hear it's been sold."

"Sure," says the young man. "I heard the new landlord was a younger dude like you so when I seed you here I figured you was him." He keeps on smiling.

"No way," Atkinson says, laughing. "I just wanted to look it over."

Finally the young man goes away.

"That was one of the riffraff," says Atkinson. He drops the Seville into gear and drives off.

It's a rugged life up at Anneliese von Oettingen's ballet camp in the Adirondack Mountains of northern New York State. Her students rise with the roosters, bend and stretch and point their toes for a minimum of three hours a day at the barre and bed down again, dead beat, shortly after sunset. No booze, no smokes, no sugar. Why, it's almost as tough as a pro football training camp. And at least one of Anneliese's students is in a position to make the comparison. Brad Cousino (pronounced Kooze-no) is not only a dancer but also a reserve middle linebacker and special teams member of the New York Giants.

While the other dancers imagine themselves twirling as magnificently as Makarova or Baryshnikov, the 24-year-old Cousino's reveries have him slamming down backs and blocking passes with the verve of a Nick Buoniconti or Lee Roy Jordan. Small for a linebacker (6 feet, 200 pounds in his leotard), Cousino was a Football Writers' All-America at Miami of Ohio but was passed over in the 1975 draft. A free agent with Cincinnati and Chicago, he was released by the Bears last July for self-admitted prima donna tenden-

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eties. "They wanted me on special teams and I thought I was too good, I acted like a baby." He found his way to the Giants when John McVay took over as coach, and began to find himself as well. In one game he had four unassisted tackles, recovered a fumble and blocked a punt on the four-yard line that led to a New York touchdown.

"Anything you keep telling yourself has to come about," says Cousino. But he also knows that it takes more than positive thinking to recover from football injuries. Scar tissue from a torn hamstring, which reduced his flexibility, sent Cousino to the Von Ottingen School of Ballet in Cincinnati, where former Bengal Linebacker Ken Avery (now with the Kansas City Chiefs) had gone for repairs of his own. Anneliese developed a special program of intense stretching exercises for her football-playing students and even installed a second barre for Cousino when he was unable to balance with only one hand. "You should have seen him when he started," says Anneliese. "Six months ago he could scarcely bend enough to touch his knees. And he gave up when the stretching hurt too much. Now he can touch his toes easily."

He is also able to complete full plies with something approaching grace and looks almost delicate as he accompanies a budding ballerina in a *sous-sous penche* or an arabesque. The newfound balance should help him with his lateral movement along the line of scrimmage, and already he claims he is running faster than ever. "If I ever have a son," says Brad Cousino, "he's going to start ballet at a very early age."

Deer Creek, in the mother-lode country of northern California, is a clear stream full of boulders, brown trout and hope. The lode is based on a fact that became evident to many men in 1849 and has drawn human beings ever since to the mountains of that region: every mile of riverbed in the mother-lode country contains a million dollars worth of gold. The trick lies in locating it.

Elmer Collett, the burly right guard of the Baltimore

Colts, yanks a clump of squaw grass from a crevice in the rocks beside Deer Creek and drops it in his pan. Then, squatting beside a riffle, he lets the force of the water go to work. "It all comes down to panning in the end," he says, swirling the big black dish around and around as the dirt washes clear. "Just the same way the forty-niners and the sourdoughs did it. You have to let the water clean out the lighter stuff—first the soil, then the rocks and sand. Now look here."

After a few minutes of work, all that is left in the bottom of the pan is an ounce or so of dark grit. "The black sand is heavy, so it stays," Collett says. "There's a lot of platinum and other heavy metals in there. You look for minute specks of gold—there, like those!" As he sloshes the mix of black sand and water, pinpoints of yellow flicker and disappear, almost like stars on a moonless night. "That's 'color.' Not much, maybe, just tiny, tiny nuggets. But it shows that this section of the creek hasn't been worked in a long time." He looks up from the pan and grins under his dark mustache. "Sort of gets you fired up."

Collett's partners on this prospecting expedition are Tinsley Stinson, a 32-year-old millman and ex-Marine from nearby Grass Valley, and Richard (Kiki) Poli, 28, a friend of Elmer's from Stinson Beach, Calif., where Collett lives during the off-season.

"I've had the bug for a long, long time," Collett says. "It got into me back in the eighth grade, when a prospector came to our school and gave a little talk on gold mining. Playing football and all, I've never had the chance to give it the time it deserves, so I've never found enough gold to do more than defray some of the expenses of the hunt. But for me it's the best recreation in the world—sunlight, running water, beautiful country, hard physical labor. And there's always the chance of finding a big nugget, anywhere from five pounds to as much as 40. The rivers are constantly replenished with gold as erosion and rockslides work on the mountains."

The principal tool of the modern gold prospector is the dredge, a kind of out-sized underwater vacuum cleaner mounted on an inflated truck-tire inner tube and powered by a small gasoline engine. The suction hose attached to the motor is directed against gravel-filled crevices in the stream bed to remove the "overburden" of small stones, sand and (with luck) bits of gold. The overburden runs into a sluice box mounted aft of the dredge on another inner tube. Heavy metals collect in the sluice box's riffles, to be panned later.

After they assemble their two dredges, the three men put on wet suits and go to work.

"We're going to start on the downstream face of this big boulder," Collett says. "Because gold is heavier than any other mineral in the stream, it falls straight down when it's tumbled over a rock by the runoff. The longer it's in the

*continued*

An aspiring vet, Washington look returner Edie Brown wishes he could run like a thoroughbred.



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1. To enter, fill in the official entry form—clearly hand-printing your name, address, and your answers to all three questions (20 or a 5" x 8" piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address and answers to the three questions on the entry form.) The answers to these questions may be found by looking at any bottled Tanqueray Gin. A photograph of a bottle may be obtained by requesting one from Tanqueray, P.O. Box 9, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: Tanqueray Emerald Contest, P.O. Box 9000, New Canaan, Conn. 06840. Entries must be post-marked by August 13, 1977 and received by August 20, 1977. 3. Winner will be determined in a random drawing from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging

organization whose decisions are final and will be mailed by mail. 4. Grand Prize: A \$25,000 Tanqueray Emerald from the Harry Winston Collection, or \$25,000 in cash. 5. Prize is non-transferable and no substitution for prize except as stated. Winner will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. The Grand Prize (valued at \$25,000) will be awarded. Local, state and federal laws, if any are the responsibility of the winner. 6. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers Ltd. their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Missouri, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia, and whenever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. 7. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. 8. All of winners will be furnished two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Tanqueray Winners Ltd., P.O. Box 900, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. 9. The Official Entry form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.



\*Prize is a simulation of an emerald.

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To enter, look at any bottle of Tanqueray Gin and then answer the three questions listed below:  
1. Charles Tanqueray & Company, Ltd., the firm that produces and bottles Tanqueray Gin is located in (Answer) \_\_\_\_\_ England.  
2. What did all appear on the Tanqueray bottle label? Answer: \_\_\_\_\_  
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stream, of course, the deeper it sinks, so we want to work clear down to bedrock. Sometimes I've found gold under eight or 10 feet of gravel."

For an hour they strenuously work in hip-deep water, shifting small boulders and the larger rocks that would jam the dredge hoses. Then Collett pulls on his face mask, attaches a hose from an air pump to his regulator and, belly down in the cold water, begins moving gravel. With his broad back gleaming wet and black in the diver's suit, Collett resembles a giant seal hunting for fish. Goldfish? Gravel tumbles down the sluice box and a tailing of tan muck spills downstream.

"Good smoke," says Tinsley, who has climbed out of the water to warm up. "The discoloration from the mud and clay—the 'smoke,' we call it—means that this stream hasn't been dredged in a long time. I just hope when we get down to bedrock it won't be slick. Gold won't stick on a smooth rock surface. There have to be crevices to hold it."

All day the partners work the dredges, coming out of the water only to warm themselves when their lips turn blue. Meanwhile, a campfire has been kindled, tents erected and supper is cooking—hot chili, beans, hanks of spicy linguica sausage, whole-wheat bread and a gallon or two of steam-

ing black coffee. Toward sunset the partners emerge, still not at bedrock. Kika, his lips almost black with the cold, shivers beside the fire. Collett boils some milk, then adds honey and brandy. "St. Elmo's fire," he says. They toast one another and the river.

At dawn there is hoarfrost on the sleeping bags, and after a few quick gulps of breakfast the men are back in the water. By midmorning bedrock is in sight. Collett, shifting a 400-pound boulder, almost gets his foot trapped when it rolls out of his grasp.

"That's why you always want a partner," he says. "Guys who've gone dredging alone have been trapped underwater by falling boulders. When you remove the overburden, the rock is unsupported. It can tumble without a warning, no teetering or groaning—just slam, squish."

The hole below the boulder, hip-deep when the partners began, now yawns 12 feet deep. The bedrock gleams pale and shadowed under the rippling water. Collett dives down for the moment of truth. For long minutes his black-clad body moves slowly over the bedrock, his hands probing the crevices, poking, pulling, scraping. Then he emerges.

"Slick as a banana peel," he says, pulling off the face mask. "Nothing."

After panning out the sand that had collected in the riffles of the sluice boxes, the partners estimate they have dredged up perhaps \$50 worth of gold. Elmer stretches out on a bunkside boulder, sipping a cup of St. Elmo's fire. He hardly seems defeated.

"Ah, well," he says at last. "So we didn't find the Big Nugget. Maybe we never will. Who cares? This is what it's all about, anyway—the sun and the water and the pines in the wind. When you're hunting for gold, or anything else of value, there's always tomorrow."

On his first day at work on the new job this year, Randy Gradishar spilled some beer on the floor of the office. Actually, it was quite a bit of beer. A whole forklift load of Coors. It must have been quite a sight: the cases piled twice as tall as a man, teetering at first, then toppling with a horrendous, foaming crash on the concrete warehouse floor. You might think that such malfeasance would earn Randy a pink slip, but it didn't.

"It's not unusual," says the massive young middle linebacker from Ohio State who now plays for the Denver Broncos. "Nearly everybody comes close on their first day driving a forklift." And besides, Gradishar was just filling in temporarily in the warehouse. Coors was on strike and, as a management trainee during the past two off-seasons, Gradishar, like all the others on the management side, pinched in. Because at 6' 3", 230 pounds he is bigger and stronger than any five other Coors executives, trainee or otherwise, Gradishar was assigned a night shift on the forklift at the warehouse on Denver's industrial southwest side.

"I majored in 'distributive education' at OSU," he says, "and Coors distributes things, so I figured, when they approached me about the program, why not? People will always be drinking beer. I mean, they've been doing it at least since the days of the Egyptian Pharaohs and they'll

*continued*



Cowboy Center John Fitzgerald sells Cadillacs during the off-season

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probably keep right on doing it. Until the strike, they had me in charge of the Hospitality Room. Coors gets from 300,000 to 500,000 visitors a year—some years we have to turn away as many as 100,000—and they all get a sip of beer and some pretzels and cheese in the Hospitality Room. I also take VIPs around the plant on guided tours. The tours take 2½ hours apiece. Helps keep the legs in shape."

Gradishar is scheduled to report for forklift duty at mid-night, but right now he and his wife Janet are relaxing over dinner at their favorite restaurant. The Forum, Pierre, the owner and maître d', hovers over them with anxious eyes, twitching his pencil mustache like a caricature of a French headwaiter. Gradishar is cautious as he studies the menu.

"Randy was a meat-and-potatoes guy until he met Pierre," says Janet.

"That's not so," says Randy. "Norris Weese taught me to eat an oyster."

"Don't you mean, 'taught me to eat oysters'?"

"Nope. I only ate the one. That was enough."

Now Pierre is bringing forth from the kitchen a plate of delicacies that fairly steams with exoticism: succulent kebabs, braised sweetbreads, fried eggplant, meats covered with rich, thick, dark sauces. This is Pierre's "mystery plate," aimed at educating Gradishar's palate—samples from many of the menu's offerings, each cooked or at least supervised by the master of the house. Gradishar's fork probes among the morsels, skewers something new and brings it to his jaws. He chews. His eyes grow thoughtful. His brow wrinkles. Then he smiles slightly and swallows.

"Heck," he says. "that was only chicken. But the sauce had me fooled for a bit."

"Raspberry Plain" is not a Buskin-Robbins flavor. It is a 1,200-acre horse farm located in the rolling, wooded hills of Virginia about an hour's drive northwest of Washington. On a recent spring afternoon, three men and a feisty dog named Speedy Gonzalez lolled in the shade of the stable. The men were talking horses.

"Doc looks at him and shakes his head, kind of slow and sadlike," says George Prout, a tall black man with a humorous glint in his eyes. "He'll be dead by morning," says the doc.

"Hoo boy," says Ellis P. Gibson, a white trainer of thoroughbreds. "Them docs, they're always giving up."

"Well, we went to work on him soon as the doc drove away," continues George. "A great big dollop of milk of magnesia down his throat, and a gallon of soapy water from the other end. He stood there for a while just a-rumbling and a-sloshing like an automatic dishwasher and then Kutber-the-door. Next morning he was nickering for his oats like the rest of them."

The third man, a husky, compactly built Tennessean, nodded at the end of the yarn but his mustachioed young face remained impassive. Eddie Brown, 25, is the Pro Bowl kick returner and backup strong safety for the Washington Redskins, and this was his first day on the job at Raspberry Plain. When he stops playing football Eddie hopes to become a veterinarian.

"I studied pre-vet when I was at the University of Tennessee," he says, "but in those days they didn't have a vet school there. Now they do, and I'm going to begin studying part-time next year during the off-season. Right now I'm trying to pick up all the practical knowledge I can. I want to be a large-animal doctor. My wife's father has a farm near Chattanooga and I've helped him part-time for four or five years, learning about cattle and hogs. Last year and earlier this off-season I worked eight months for a small-animal vet in the neighborhood, getting to know things about cats and dogs. Then Fish—that's Pat Fischer, our cornerback—asked me if I'd like to help out with his horses. He's got about 20 thoroughbreds, and he keeps most of them here."

Brown will help Ellis Gibson and George Prout—mucking out stables, cleaning hooves, walking hoes, administering rubdowns and watching the vet work. The following morning Brown is scheduled to assist in the gelding of a stallion.

"On the farm I've helped cut a lot of pigs," he says. "Sometimes 50 to 75 a day. A running back falls a lot easier than a six-week-old shoat, believe me. A forearm shot doesn't work."

Brown watches the exercise riders move out, up the green meadows, under the budding tulip trees, the long light of the afternoon glinting on the stretching muscles of the thoroughbreds, the long, slim legs reaching to grab earth and then spurning it behind them. He shakes his head in awed approval.

"Can you imagine being able to run like that?" Brown asks. "It must be magnificent. I could never work with house pets now, I don't think. There's so much silly stuff connected with house pets in this day and age—the pampering, the cashmere sweaters and the jeweled collars, all those ridiculous TV commercials for new kitty tidbits. You look at animals like these"—the horses were now into full stride, grace belying speed—"and they have purpose, power, beauty and a wildness to them."

The workout finished, Eddie Brown scrubs the horses with buckets of warm water, rubs them down, one by one, and walks them around and around the long barn. One of the horses rears, but Eddie checks it neatly, forearms bulging against the reins. Then he pats the horse's neck, talking to him in a low, soothing voice, his hand firm down the long, strong neck. It is an image to remember the next time you see him stiffarm a would-be tackler on his way to a run-back touchdown, or slam a pass receiver to earth with a well-timed tackle.

To understand what American automotive engineering is all about, it's best to visit that vast expanse of heat and highway called Texas. Buy yourself an ice-cold six-pack of Pearl, climb into your off-white Cadillac Coupe de Ville with the Naugahyde zebra seat covers, cock back your Stetson. Flip the air conditioner and the stereo to full volume, turn the wheel in any direction and tromp hard with your Gucci cowboy boot. You're set for a day at 90 per. Whipping down those arrow-straight roads that seem to lead to infinity, with Margarineville buffeting your ears and suds tickling your si-

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nuses, you suddenly realize that the gas-guzzling dinosaurs of Detroit make perfectly good sense.

"Last week I sold four Caddies," says John Fitzgerald, "and I was just fooling around." John Fitzgerald is not the run-of-the-mill car salesman. During the "real" part of the year—from July through, he hopes, the Super Bowl in January—he is the starting center for the Dallas Cowboys, a post he has filled with distinction for the past six seasons. The rest of the time you can find him kicking tires and patching performance figures at Sewell Village Cadillac on Dallas' affluent north side.

"This is my second year selling cars," Fitzgerald continues. "Carl Sewell, the young fellow who owns the agency, was at a Cowboys' game with a mutual friend. Everybody knew I was looking for an off-season job and Carl invited me aboard. It's the perfect job for a football player. Plenty of flexibility. I can work out on my own schedule, come in for an afternoon and sew up my sales, or forget about it completely during the season if I want to. Being associated with the Cowboys certainly doesn't hurt when you're trying to make a sale, either."

The 6' 5", 260-pound native of Southbridge, Mass., majored in business administration at Boston College—"a

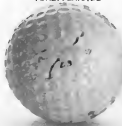
smattering of everything, accounting, cost analysis, sales, you name it." He relishes the front-line combat of automobile salesmanship. "This is some type of sales," he says with his Massachusetts twang. "Highly competitive. There are two other Cadillac dealers in Dallas, so the cars don't just sell themselves—not at the price they go for. It's a great teaching tool. When I'm through with football, or it's through with me, I'm going to have a whole life to live out. This job is teaching me what to do with it."

Thus far Fitz has proved a quick study. The Sewell agency moves between 1,700 and 2,000 Cadillacs a year, and during this off-season alone Fitzgerald sold 40. "It's not the high-pressure, fast-talking bit you customarily associate with car sales," he says. "Most of my customers are football-oriented people and friends I've made over the years here in Dallas. Many of them are repeats. You can sell a Cadillac darn near anywhere—on the golf course, at a cocktail party. The trick is to know what the competition is up to, just like in football. You have to anticipate. That's what it's all about anywhere, in anything, isn't it?"

The newsroom of WTOP-TV in downtown Washington is scarcely the set of the late *Mary Tyler Moore Show*. This is

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An equal number of balls of each brand were tested. Pictured above is the average looking ball of each brand of the group as determined by an individual ballot of the 5 independent testing agency members.

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The Blue Max. The "distance ball" that can really take it.

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working journalism (electronic division) with squashed cigarette butts on the floor, old newspapers stacked high and haphazard beside the battered typewriters, wire-service tickers chattering in the corners, a drinking fountain that, when it's working, often as not squirts you in the eye, the walls covered with the wise-cracking graffiti and goosed-up newspaper clips that adorn most city rooms. Camera crews in short-sleeved sport shirts and prefaded Levi's come and go; harassed editors and newscasters sweat over copy in halos of tobacco smoke, ties loosened and shirtsleeves rolled up against the downtown heat, their ears oblivious to the clangor and laughter around them.

In a stuffy, dark cubicle along one wall of the newsroom, Gino, the new sports guy at this local CBS affiliate, is cutting an interview from three minutes to 1½. In his other life, Gino is Jean Fugett, a tight end formerly of the Dallas Cowboys and now of the Redskins. He lights up a Kool and squints at a videotape machine.

"That's Mitch Kupchak," he says, "the rookie forward for the Bullets." Fugett leans back, undoes the top button of his open-collared, wild-striped sport shirt and squints through the cigarette smoke. Onscreen, natty in suit and tie, he is asking Kupchak for what seems the umpteenth

time about his shooting percentage ("57%, but I feel I should have 75%, with all those layups"). Gino gestures impatiently with his free hand, a ducklike opening and closing of fingers, and shakes his head. "Too much talking," he says. "They don't like the talking heads." He points to the editors outside the cutting room. "I learned about that on my first day here."

During the 1976 off-season Fugett had been a hard-news reporter for The Washington Post. This is his first crack both at sports reporting and at electronic journalism, and it isn't coming easily despite the fact that he is an Amherst graduate.

"It's a whole new world," Fugett says. "But satisfying. When you write a piece for a newspaper, you feel maybe that you're cramped for space, but you've actually got room to write a dictionary compared to this. Also it's a whole new way of communicating—not in a logical, linear manner, where you can string ideas together along with flashes of color and counterargument to reach a well-rounded conclusion, but rather in a kind of burst of image and sound and action. Just a short burst, because that's really all the audience can handle on a television news show. You do it with winks and shrugs and legerdemain. It's a hard adaptation."

continued

#### RESULTS OF THE DURABILITY TEST.

(Average number of balls in each brand were not subjected to this test.)

BALL NO.	DONLOP BLUE MAX	GOLDEN RAM	HOGAN LEADER 2 90	BRILLIANT TONEY PENNY D.B.	SPALDING TOP FLITE	WILSON PRO STAFF
1	300	192	228	238	254	254
2	300	164	302	296	258	258
3	300	238	268	62	256	256
4	260	202	280	300	252	252
5	300	222	300	230	252	252
6	261	152	300	175	252	252
7	300	156	300	175	252	252

GOLDEN RAM

HOGAN LEADER

WILSON PRO STAFF



Photograph of balls is unretouched.

**THE DURABILITY TEST.** This durability test was conducted by an independent laboratory. It consisted in firing 10 balls per brand at 500 yards, purchased golf balls of each brand against a flat steel plate without the provision that would otherwise prevent any deformation comparable to that produced by a driver striking a ball on a tee. Success for a particular brand was determined by the number of balls which were not deformed. Each ball was taken to 300 yards, and whichever brand failed first. Failure was defined as the number of balls at which the deformed ball could not be seen through a clear window or at which the ball was deformed (popped, cracked, or otherwise damaged). (For more information, contact Blue Max at 1-800-368-1111.)

# BLUE MAX

Later, over drinks and dinner at the Dancing Crab, Fugett talks about his dedication to journalism: "I know I can do things for black people here, in the world of words and pictures, that I can't on the football field. I did a piece on TV recently on the lack of proper medical care and treatment for playground and high school athletes, most of whom are black in this area. That makes you feel good. At first I didn't want to leave the print medium for television, especially for sports. But they made it awfully good for me and promised that next year I could go into straight news reporting if things worked out.

"I don't know," he continues, "I'd kind of like to do my own 'Roots.' I'm already most of the way there, with a paper I did at Amherst in American Studies on my own family. My great-grandfather was a runaway slave from Mississippi. One day he took some apples down to the railroad to sell to the Union troops when Grant was fighting in the northern part of the state. He got on the train and headed for New York. There he became a blacksmith and married an Iroquois Indian girl, bought 200 acres of land in the Finger Lakes region. He sent his son—my grandfather—to Cornell to learn agriculture and help him with the farm. But my granddaddy pulled a switcheroo and headed down to Tuskegee Institute, where he worked with Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver. Later he became principal of a high school in West Chester, Pa. Just a few years ago they named the school for him. That's a long way to come from slavery."

"In football you have it only on Sunday," Virgil Carter says. "Here you have it all through the week."

Up on the steps of the worn wooden octagons, men and women flail, gesticulating on something like the sign language of the deaf, or maybe the Plains Indians. Light streams in through the high windows, computer boards flash. Soybeans. Corn. Wheat. Silver Hogs. Gold.

"From anyplace in the world," says Carter, "you can trade any amount of these commodities in two minutes."

This is the Commodities Exchange trading room on the fourth floor of 141 West Jackson in Chicago, the cockpit of the world when it comes to soybeans. Carter, 31, who has played for four different teams in a 10-year pro football career and now is a backup quarterback for the Chicago Bears, glows like a rookie.

"You've got to do it with hand signals when the trading gets heavy," he says. "When they turn the palm in, that means they're buying. Palm out, selling. Fingers held vertically tell you the number of contracts involved. Fingers horizontal, the price. A forearm in the air only amplifies the price. The whole scheme dates back to the late 1800s when they didn't have bullhorns or calculators, but it works. And it's traditional."

Carter got into the commodities game two years ago when a friend, over for coffee one morning, made a phone call from his apartment in the 70-story Lake Point Tower apartment complex on Chicago's North Side. The friend was checking out the price of beans. To Carter, it sounded intriguing.

"I took an MBA in mathematics—statistical analysis—at Northwestern," Carter says, "and in a way numbers have always meant more to me than football. Oh, the numbers in football are O.K. The challenge is there as it is in chess—a kind of muscular chess, when you're a quarterback. But I got fascinated with this commodities trading. I bought a seat. They cost about \$50,000 three years ago and now they're going for as much as \$170,000. Good investment."

Carter isn't trading today, so he ambles along through the chaos of flashing hand signals and sprinting runners like a man on a Sunday stroll through the park, explaining the workings of the market. "Each contract involves 5,000 bushels of soybeans, an 18-wheeler load, worth about \$30,000." He points to the board, where soybeans have jumped one cent. "Say you've got a limit position of three million bushels. That penny move up there either just made you \$30,000 or cost you the same amount. There's enormous leverage, and unlike, say, poker, you can set your own risk reward." He talks as he strolls—"chartists" vs. "fundamentalists," "day traders" vs. "scalpers," "speculators" and "brokers," all the jargon of the trade. There's something almost Dickensian about the cool, bustling gloom of the old, high-ceilinged wooden room. A nattily dressed old man goes past, swinging a walking stick with a jaunty air. He peers through thick spectacles at the distant board.

"That's Julius Frankel," says Carter. "He's been in the market forever—a fundamentalist and a limit trader. Very clued in. He can't see the board anymore and has to ask one of us what's happening, but actually he's been around so long that I'm sure he can feel the price changes." He stops to chat with Frankel.

"I'm 83 years old," Frankel says proudly in a Yiddish accent, "and I've been in the market 62 of those years. Loved every minute of it. Made many a fortune and lost many a fortune. But I've still got my health—why, I swim 54 laps a day, even yet—and I still love the place. This is the greatest racket in the world. You got to get up every morning and find out what's happening all over the place. London, New York, New Orleans, everywhere. Keep you on your toes, doesn't it, Virgil." He claps the quarterback smartly on the shoulder and strides into the melee.

A gong sounds—five minutes of trading left. Elbows, fingers and pencils fly faster. Another gong and they accelerate even more frantically.

"You can get hurt in there," says Carter. "Elbowed in the gut, toes crunched underfoot, even lose an eye to a flying pencil point. The two-minute warning"—he laughs, glowing—"I love it. For whom the bell tolls. At 30 grand the penny I'd like to retire from football soon and devote full time to this Old Julius here, he's the Johnny Blood of the Commodities Exchange. The Sammy Baugh. I want to be one of those guys someday. Yeah, I may retire."

A few weeks later the Bears acquired veteran Quarterback Mike Phipps from Cleveland. Then they selected USC Quarterback Vince Evans in the draft.

After analyzing those moves, Virgil Carter decided it was time to retire. He notified the Bears that he would not be reporting to training camp.

END

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SIPT11

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week of June 27-July 3

**BOWLING**—**MARK ROTHMAN** and **MARSHALL BOLMAN** (owned) to a 451-pin victory over **Paul Culbert** and **Don Johnson** in the PBA Doubles Classic in San Jose, Calif. The winners took \$10,000.

**CREW**—The UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON beat Brown's national squad by a lopsided 10-0 score. Fifty-year-old Thayer, 58, did not come to win the Grand Challenge Cup at the Henley Royal Regatta (page 18). The Huskies are the first American crew to win the trophy since 1975.

**GOLF**—Shooting a fourth-round 70, **DAVE EKHLE**, 41, BURLINGAME, Calif., won the 1987 Greater Milwaukee Open by two strokes over Gary McCord, Mike Morley and Morris Hershby. Ex-husband, 10 under par at 274, picked up the first-place check of \$28,000.

Nineteen-year-old **KELLY FUCHS** of Phoenix, Ariz., won the Women's Public Links Championship by a stroke over Kathy Williams in Madison, Wis., shooting a two-over-par 54.

**JUDY RANKIN** scored a final-round 212 to beat Pat Meyers and Sandra Palmer by three strokes in the Peter Jackson Classic in Lacolle, Quebec.

**HARRIS RACING**—**Donald** and **Joe MacFarlane's** **COLD COMFORT** (55.28) driven by Peter Haughey, won the \$166,555 Dexter Cup at Roosevelt Raceway by three-quarters of a length over Speed in Action. The 3-year-old broodmare won 6-1 (p. 20).

**HORSERACING**—**J. O. TOBIN** (58.20) Willie Shoemaker in the entry, won the \$111,400 Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park, closed in 1 3/4ths for the 15, males. All-time was second, eight lengths back, while Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew finished fourth, 16 lengths behind the winner (page 34).

**OLYMPIC** (59:49) Jorge Yafandurov took the \$109,800 Cramling Club American Oaks at Belmont Park, beating Road Provisions by 2 1/2 lengths. The Cuban filly covered the 1 1/4 miles in 2:29.

**SILVER SERIES** (59:49) ridden by Larry Snyder, won the \$114,800 American Derby by a head over Red Dancy Run at Arlington Park in Chicago. The Florida-bred colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 2:20.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—**MARKO ANDRETTI**, in a JPS Lotus, took the lead in the first lap to win the French Grand Prix in Dijon by 1.55 seconds over John Watson's Martini Brabham. Andretti's third Formula 1 victory.

story of the year puffed him to within one point of Niki Lauda, who finished fifth. In the world drivers' championship, Lauda won.

**FOOTBALL**—Steve David scored two goals, raising his league-leading total to 20, in Los Angeles' 3-0 victory over the San Diego Sockers in the NASL. Five points back in the Southern Division is Dallas, which has been 1-0 in a close-up, their tight Chicago 2-1. The Toronto Kickers' Cooper is the league's leading goal-keeper, with an 0.88 goals-against average. Alan Mayer of third-place Las Vegas stopped Washington 2-0 and leads the NASL in shutouts with seven. The Dallas coach, Dennis Vidler, resigned for "personal reasons" after the loss to the Quakers. His replacement, Assistant Coach Alan Spivak, fired five before dropping a 2-1 decision by Toronto in his debut. In the East, the division-leading Clinton also lost to Vancouver and Los Angeles, while surprising Fort Lauderdale (page 28) moved into second with a 2-2 win over Tampa Bay. Last-place Connecticut had something to cheer about, a 3-0 shutout victory over Las Vegas in which San Jose State Bluegrasses scored three goals in 23 minutes. Minnesota remained on top in the Western Division with a 2-1 defeat of Portland.

**TENNIS**—**BORIS BEGER** captured Jimmy Connors' 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 7-5, 6-4 to win his second straight Wimbledon title (page 17). After trying for 16 years, **VIRGINIA WADE** finally won the women's title, beating Betty Stove 4-6, 6-3, 6-1. **ROSS CASE** and **GILBERT MASTERS**, last year's runners-up, took the mixed doubles as they defeated John Alexander and Phil Dent 6-1, 6-4, 5-6, 5-3, 6-4. In the women's doubles, **HILL EN GOURLEY** and **JOANNE RUSSELL**, from Naples, Fla., topped Martina Navratilova and Stove 6-3, 6-7. Some lost her 1977 final in the mixed doubles when teamed with Frew McMillan, the 16 to **BOB BEWITT** and **GRIER STEVENS** 3-6, 7-5, 6-4.

**TRACK & FIELD**—**VLADIMIR YASKINEN**, 46, an 18-year-old Ukrainian, broke Dwight Stones' high jump world record by half an inch with a leap of 7' 7 1/2" in the USA-USSR junior meet in Richmond.

At the World Games in Helsinki, **SAMSON KIMWANDA** of Kenya and Washington State set a world record of 37.95 in the 100-meter dash, breaking Dale Bedford's 4-year-old mark by 3 hundredths.

At a meet at Mainz, West Germany, **FRANCIE LAERHUE** of Latvia set an American record of 4:28.2 in the mile.

In Milan, **PIETRO MENNEA** of Italy beat Olympic champion Don Quance in the 200-meter dash. Mennea's time of 20.41 was the fastest in the world this year.

At the East German championships in Dresden, 19-year-old **MARILEE GUSCHER** set a world record of 10.88 in the 100-meter dash. The former record of 11.01 was set by Annette Richter of West Germany at the Munich Trials.

**VOLLEYBALL**—In a battle of dream leaders, Denver started Mel Chamberlain and his Orange County Stars, 8-12, 13-11, 13-11, 4-12, 4-8 before the PBA's longest crowd (15,067) of the year. The Stars went 1-3 on a road trip in which three SMOs started out to use Chamberlain. Tucson started with half a game of Denver as the East by beating the Stars 12-0, 9-12, 12-10, 2-12, 4-5. World-class Polish setter Stan Gosciniak made his 1977 debut for Phoenix and contributed to a win in the Heat's win over Orange County.

**MISLEAFS**—**ABANDONED** BY **BOB MAGGON**'s attempt to break the international speed record on a 36-foot outboard-powered boat (58, June 27). After covering 150 miles from a U.S. naval base in southern Spain, Maggon and his three-man crew were stopped by high seas and a broken fuel.

**HIRED** **BILLY HUNTER**, 48, as manager of the Toronto Raptors, replacing former manager Gordon Ryan. Hunter, the Raptors' third skipper of the week, had been the Baltimore Orioles' third-base coach since 1964.

**HIRED** **ROGER NELSON**, 42, as coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Nelson spent last season as manager-coach of the Leafs' Dallas farm team. He replaces Red Kelly, who is undergoing treatment for a spinal injury sustained at a Toronto practice.

**DIED** **YELMA JOHNSTON**, 55, actress as Wild Horse Annie. For her courage to halt the slaughter of rangelands and wild horses in the West in Reno.

## CREDITS

10—Drawing by Michael Parnis; 20, 30—Walter Jolley; 21, 34, 36—Tony Duffy; 36, 38—Walter Jolley; 39, 40, 41—Richard Meek; 42—Paul Leeson; courtesy New York Historical Society; 43—Paul Leeson; 44—Courtesy New York Historical Society; 45, 46—Linda Snyder; 47—John Leeson; 48—George Long; 49—George Long; 50—Courtesy Warner Bros.; 51—Manny Miller; 52—Tony Parnis; 53—Manny Miller; 54, 55—Tony Parnis; 56—Manny Miller; 57—James D. McKee; 58—James D. McKee; 59—James D. McKee; 60—James D. McKee.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**JEREMY EDMORSE**  
Ingleside, Calif.  
A freshman at Tolland High, Jeremy set state sectional records in the 220 (1:25.34) and 440 (1:38.31). She led the Eagles to a 12-1 season, going undefeated and anchoring Tolland's undefeated mile and two-mile relay teams.



**ANTHONY TUFARELLI**  
Burlington, Vt.  
A senior at George Hewlett High, Anthony ran 400 meters in 46.09 at the Junior National AAU championships in Knoxville, Tenn., a 3.5 high school record for automatic timing. Anthony was undefeated in 15 meets this season.



**MILTON KATZENBERG**  
Trenton, N.J.  
Katzenberg, 52, shot a one-over-par 28 on the back nine of the par-3 Citi Valley Golf Course in Trenton. Katzenberg, who plays golf and swims every day, had eight pars and one bogey en route to the lowest round he ever played.



**ROXANNE ABRAMOWSKI**  
Tomball, Tex.  
Roxanne, 17, led Grove Isle High to a 33-0 season and the Class B state girls' softball championship, striking a three-hitter against South Haven in the final. She had a 31-0 record (57-1 over two years), an 0.75 ERA and batted .426.



**CHRIS DORST**  
Burlington, Vt.  
Dorst, 21, led Stanford to a 20-2 water polo season and the NCAA championship. A 6'4" goalie, he allowed an average of 4.1 goals per game during the season and 6.3 in the playoffs and was MVP of both the Pac 8 and the NCAA tournament.



**GARY HURLBAUER**  
Berkeley, Mo.  
Carl, 18, was All-Conference in the three sports he competed in for the Landon School this year. He was a trackstar in football, wrestled at 185 pounds, and a night rider, and the league with a 500-billing average.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## TOM TERRIFIC

Sir,

Great article by Larry Keith on Tom Seaver. The title (*Tom Terrific Arms the Red Arsenal*, June 27) fits perfectly. Next year, I am pleased to predict, baseball fans will see another 30-game winner. With his great pitching and the Reds' great bats and fielding, Seaver can't miss 30.

JEFF DEMPSEWOLF  
Colby, Kans.

Sir,

Fans of *The Machine* should keep in mind that the ex-Met can't win 'em all. The worst thing that can happen now is to have the fans put pressure on Tom to win every game.

STEVE THATCHER  
Cincinnati

Sir,

Larry Keith told the real story and shed light on some fuzzy areas. Quite a few of us Met fans have felt cheated for quite a while when it comes to the Mets brass getting some hints. They have given away our best players and pitchers and taken much in return.

R. K. CUNNINGHAM JR.  
East Orange, N.J.

Sir,

One part of the article made me laugh. How did Dick Young know Nancy Seaver was jealous of the Ryan's? Was he at the Seavers' dinner table when she complained to Tom?

JIM CHILCOT  
Amityville, N.Y.

Sir,

With all due respect to the fabulous Tom Seaver, did you have a cover story on the equally fabulous Frank Tanana planned for your June 27 issue?

BRAD BIERMAN  
Princeton, N.J.

■ Until the Seaver story developed, I'd intended to put the winner of the U.S. Open on the cover. As for Tanana, see page 38.—ED

Sir,

You refer to Jim Palmer of the Orioles as the Seaver of the American League. Palmer is by far the best pitcher of this decade. He has a better won-loss record than Seaver and has led Baltimore to five divisional titles and four World Series. He is not the Seaver of the American League. Rather, Seaver is the Palmer of the National League.

GEORGE SAZAKKIS  
Baltimore

## THE TWINS

Sir,

To prove the Twins are for real (*Moose Gets the Max from a Minimum*, June 20,

they fell out of first place on June 19 and then came back to take the lead again on June 24. As for the fans not going to the ball park, we drove 135 miles to support the Twins. The attendance was 18,000 on June 23 and 21,457 on June 24.

DONALD HAUGERUD  
Montevideo, Minn.

Sir,

You didn't mention the Twins' double play combination of Roy Smalley-to-Bob Randall-to-Rod Carew, which last year set a club record for double plays in a season.

TOM SHOOT  
Lanmore, N. Dak.

## REGGIE/DILLY

Sir,

As in most other articles on the Billy Martin-Reggie Jackson confrontation (*BASEBALL'S WEEK*, June 27), I seem to make Reggie the bad guy again. I've seen the replay of the bloop double off Jim Rice's bat many times. There's no way Reggie could have reached it in time. The only thing he might have done wrong was throw the ball to the wrong base. As for the ruckus between Martin and Jackson, the replay clearly shows Martin starting the yelling and doing the lunging.

ERIC K. KILHEISER  
Chambersburg, Pa.

## TOO MUCH OF THE SAME

Sir,

I watch as many baseball games as I can on TV, but every week the same teams dominate the screen: the Reds, Yankees, Red Sox and Dodgers. Everyone likes a winner, but repetition is boring. I'd rather see young and coming teams like Cleveland, Milwaukee or Chicago as well as teams you never see, like Montreal, Oakland and San Diego.

No wonder the starting lineups for this year's All-Star Game again will not be truly representative. Half of America thinks only four teams play in the majors.

RICH BARRY  
Aurora, Ill.

## VIREN

Sir,

It takes a runner to write about running, to identify with those who go 10 miles a day in training. Kenny Moore's recent articles on the world cross-country championships and the AAU meet plus his profile on Lasse Viren (*An Enigma Wrapped in Glory*, June 27) substantiate his expert grasp of the sport.

ROD GAKONER  
Miami, Ariz.

Sir,

Kenny Moore has settled some very controversial questions. I am now convinced

Viren was not guilty of "blood doping" at last year's Olympics. If Viren's hemoglobin count is between 15.4 and 15.6, then blood doping would most likely detract from Viren's performances rather than enhance them.

It seems as though he geared his training to assure "peaking" for both the '72 and '76 Games. As Viren admits, he established his top priorities—the gold medals—and chose not to take the non-Olympic years too seriously.

WILLIAM A. MARKS  
Whittier, Calif.

Sir,

Why can't the world look upon Lasse Viren as a fine, expensive watch? Let him run and do not demand to know what makes him tick.

MARTIN D. DI TILLY  
Kincheloe AFB, Mich.

## JOHNCOCK/RUTHERFORD

Sir,

Sam Moses begins *The Man in the Fiber Glass Mask* (June 27) with a splendid touch of humility, then goes off into a one-sided criticism of Johnny Rutherford, both as a driver and as a person, using subtle but distinctly offensive methods. For example, in the heart of the article he begins referring to Johncock as "Gordy," but he refers to Rutherford as "Rutherford," a distinction that tends to make the reader feel more receptive to Johncock. The word for Johncock's childlike neurosis is insecurity, not "ingenueness." Rutherford may not be the greatest USAC driver, but Johncock isn't even in his class.

DAVID TAYLOR  
Cincinnati

Sir,

Thank you. Being a Patrick Racing Team fan, I have gotten close to Gordy and have come to know him fairly well. He is a true champion, whether he wins a complete Indy 500 or not. When a man like Johncock wins, people don't think much of it. But he has finished ahead of men like A. J. Foyt, Johnny Rutherford, Al and Bobby Unser, Wally Dallenbach, Tom Sneva, Mario Andretti, etc. So Gordon Johncock is a champion and Johnny Rutherford is still a runner-up.

CHRIS CARLSON  
Verona, N.J.

## HOME-RUN BALLS

Sir,

In the June 27 *19TH HOLE*, Ronald E. Coolidge took issue with your projection of the home-run total that will result from use of the live ball. I calculated that the average per team in the 1977 season would be 117 home runs. Mr. Coolidge disagreed, contending

continued





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The idea was to build a car that offers the style, reliability, and careful attention to detail people have long associated with Delta 88. It should be responsive, have a tighter turning radius. And, in the process, still maintain 88's smooth ride.

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And we topped it off with good economy. EPA fuel economy estimates for the standard 231 V6

engine, automatic transmission and rear axle are 25 mpg in the highway test, 17 mpg in the city test. (Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment. In California, EPA mileage estimates are lower.)

The 1977 Oldsmobile Delta 88 Coupe. Built in the 80-year tradition of Oldsmobile quality, for the time we live in now.

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## 19TH HOLE continued

ing that the average would be much higher—136 per team. SI has statistical weight in its favor.

Mr. Coolidge arrived at his figure by assuming, not unreasonably, that the rate of home runs remains constant during an entire season. If that, it does not. In the first 616 games of 1976, for instance, the average rate of home runs per game was 1.24. In the remaining 68% of the season, however, the home-run rate dropped to only 1.11 per game—more than 10% lower. Larry Keith, no doubt, took this into account in projecting a total for the entire 1977 season and arrived at his correct estimate of 117 per team.

HARVEY NATHAN  
New York City

Sir,

Since when are there only 10 inches in a foot? In your article about the livelier ball (*They're Knocking the Stuffing Out of It*, June 13) you show a picture of the measuring stick used to determine the height of each bounce, and it has only 10 inches in each foot. The article was great, but remember, a foot is usually thought of as containing 12 inches.

RICK OTTERSON  
Rugby, N. Dak.

• The measuring rod shown was graduated in tenths of a foot and is of a type commonly used by engineers and surveyors.—ED

## GOOD SCOUTS

Sir,

Your May 23 article on the scouting ordeal in *As I Did It* touched me. Author Jerry Cowle believes that kids today don't have enough to strive for. In our small community, scouting is very active. In fact, my brother-in-law, who is 16, is in the Order of the Arrow, which has some similarities to the order Cowle describes. He, too, had to work very hard and show responsibility to become a member. Not all kids lose themselves in television "activities" today.

CHERYL REYNOLDS  
Huntingdon, Pa.

## NAUTICAL DETROIT

Sir,

In her article, *Taking Their Place* in the Sun (June 20), Nancy Williamson states that the crews of the America's Cup contenders come from some unlikely sailing cities, such as Detroit. I'd like to point out that this unlikely sailing city has turned out the last two winners of the Canada Cup, Lloyd Ecclestone's *Dynastie* and Dr. Gerry Murphy's *Golden Dazy*, and has also sent the last two Great Lakes Area representatives to the Congressional Cup in the person of native Detroiters Marc Hollerbach.

Not too shabby for a town that has to share its place in yachting history with Detroit, Texas, Lexington, Ky., and Elm, N.H.

PETER A. GOEBEL  
Ludrup Village, Mich.

CUBA SE  
Sir,

Though my family and others have been deeply scared by the consequences of a belated revolution, and in spite of the fact that I disapprove of a political system that denies its citizens numerous birthrights, all Cubans everywhere would agree that our present and past are richly filled with baseball talent. It was a pleasure reading about the great tradition of Cuban baseball history (In Cuba, It's Viva El Grand Old Game, June 6). Just one thing. You made no mention of one of Cuba's greatest players, three-time batting champion Tony Oliva, whose career was curtailed due to chronic knee problems. Very few players have won a batting championship in their rookie year. Oliva did it and won again in his second year. Not many Cubans can match that feat, but then, not many Americans can, either.

TONY ALONSO  
Tulsa

YANKEE POWER  
Sir,

Rick Telander's article on Roger Marns (*The Recover Almost Broke Him*, June 20) was an excellent portrayal of one of baseball's most talented, yet misunderstood, individuals.

I was especially interested in the two-page photograph showing Marns hitting his 61st home run. It is a postscript to a famous story from the 1927 season when Ruth hit his 60 home run.

The story goes that the Pittsburgh Pirates, who were to be the World Series opponents of the 1927 Yankees, arrived early for practice before the Series opener at Pittsburgh's Warfield Hotel, Gehrig, Meusel and other Yankees pounced on him after another over or off the Forbes Field fences so disheartened the Pirates that they were beaten before they set foot on the field.

It is interesting to note that watching Marns hit his 61st home run appear to be four members of the 1961 National League Champion Cincinnati Reds, who had already clinched and were waiting to play the Yankees in the Series. Clearly visible in the first two rows directly above Marns are Joey Jay, Darrell Johnson, Jim O'Toole and Johnny Edwards. Jay and O'Toole were to pitch the first two games in New York and are obviously scouting the Yankees with their two catchers, Edwards and Johnson.

Apparently as awareness of the tremendous Yankee power of 1961 as were the Pirates by the 1927 Yankees, the Reds lost in five games.

RODERICK M. MCNEALY  
CINCINNATI

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Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
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Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

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Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
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Brand M	8	0.5
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